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Main Character Information

America

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Ame and Meri.

Power: Shapeshifter. He wears his sunglasses because he is self-conscious of his constantly changing eyes, and because it would be really distracting in class. His eyes aren't a secret, and he doesn't wear his shades all the time. He can't do too large of a shape-morph because it would drain his energy too much. Once he is in a form, it costs no energy to remain in it.

Joke Power: Memes and puns.

Weakness: Electricity can glitch out his powers, draining him of mass amounts of energy. Energy as a rule can be regained by resting and (Big Macs) food.

Joke Weakness: Kinder eggs.

Personality: On the outside he is the 'cool guy', charismatic, popular, and sassy. However, around his friends and family, he drops the act, revealing his sensitive nature and insecurities, especially towards his eyes and appearance. He can be (a lot) a bit of a flirt (especially with Russia) and he disguises his true feelings in such jokes. He cares very deeply about his friends.

Russia

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Rus and Ruski.

Power: Heat manipulation. He finds it easier to control the colder side of his powers. Using his powers to manipulate warmth tires him out and gives him a headache. He often uses this as an excuse for vodka.

Joke Power: tHe PoWeR oF tHe VoDkA gOdS.

Weakness: He is overly sensitive to temperatures and is almost always cold. He wears his ushanka and large sweaters for this reason, and this usually compensates for his weakness.

Joke Weakness: People touching his vodka, stealing his hat, and Slav squatting wrong.

Personality: Gruff and very blunt with his opinion, which is a main reason why (Ame) his friends trust him so much. He is (a freakin' TREE) very tall and buff, but fiercely loyal to (Ame) people who he cares about. He hates seeing his friends hurt, and can easily snap out in a rage when he is worried and stressed. (He might have a very small (fairly large) crush on Ame...)

Japan

Gender: Female.

Nicknames: Neko.

Power: She can bring her art to life. Literally. The strength and endurance of her sketch paper creations depends on the detail they have. Sometimes they can have a life of their own. She can also, to some very small effect, slightly influence reality with her (fanfics) written stories.

Joke Power: Shipping. She also has the power of gOd AnD aNiMe on her side. She also has an uncanny ability to (hack into my Wattpad account) break the fourth wall. ***So I'll comment and*

*answer any of your questions reader-kun!!! Also I would LOVE some shipping advice OWO X3 UWU!!! Author-chan will tell you more about me so keep reading!!!***

Weakness: Her paper creations are weak to fire and water, and she herself has a dislike of getting wet.

Joke Weakness: Being pet.

Personality: A bubbly and hyper neko who claims it is her duty to manage her friends love lives. She is always intent on making her ships sail, but when all is said and done, she fears deep down inside that her own love life will be empty. After all, who is left to ship the shipper? Her optimistic attitude is highly valued and respected among her friends, even if she can get a little crazy sometimes. ***I ship Canukr, Gerpol, and Rusame as my 'projects', nyeheheheh... You guys can help meow-t!!! RAWR!!! :3***

...She may or may not be responsible for the (notes) in the descriptions...

Canada

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Can-can, Maple, Nada.

Power: Plant growth and communication. He can sit still for hours on end listening to the flora around him. He has a special place in his heart for Maple trees, as they produce his favorite spread; Maple Syrup. He loses no energy talking to plants, but spends energy when growing them at accelerated speeds. When in the sunlight, he acts as a converter, and can transform the light energy into energy for his powers.

Joke Power: (Seal killing) Kindness.

Weakness: Due to his connection with plants, he has a fear of fire. He also can tire out quickly when using his own energy for plant growth, rather than the sun's.

Joke Weakness: Waffles.

Personality: Much unlike his brother, Ame, Canada is soft spoken, and a peacekeeper. He cares for everyone. He finds it hard to stand up for himself,not because he's a pushover, but because he doesn't want to risk offending or hurting even those who are mean to him. He maybe a sweet cinnamon roll, but he will and can fight for (Ukraine) those who he loves. If you haven't guessed already, he has a huge crush on Ukraine.

Ukraine

Gender: Female.

Nicknames: 'Raine.

Power: She can bend/manipulate light. Some of the uses she puts it to are concentrating the light energy to start fires. This is probably the most exhausting use of her powers. She can bend light waves, altering the appearance of things, this is also very tiring and difficult. She can store up sunlight for later use as energy, or even as a glow.

Joke Power: Making flower crowns, and throwing potatoes with *deadly* accuracy.

Weakness: Lack or absence of light. Due to her connection with light, she gets weaker the longer she goes without sun exposure. She is afraid of going underground.

Joke Weakness: PeOpLe WhO dOn'T rEsPeCt ThE mAjEsTiC pOtAtO!!! >:0

Personality: Ukraine has a sunny and cheerful disposition. She has a lot of common sense, and often stops (Ame and Japan) her friends from doing (really dumb things) things that they would regret. She really likes Canada, and potatoes, of course.

Germany

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Ger-MAN, and germs. (Either way he'll hate it).

Power: Invisibility. He can make himself invisible fairly easily, although it still uses energy. He can also make multiple things invisible, even other countryhumans, although at a great cost to his energy levels.

Joke Power: Sausages.

Weakness: His only weakness is energy lack. He must be careful to remember things he has turned invisible so they don't drain him over time. Because he can only make things invisible by touching them, he has adapted to remember things acutely. This is a great help in school for memorizing (useless) information.

Joke Weakness: Also Sausages.

Personality: Shy and studious, he is quite a bit of a tsundere, but opens up considerably around (Poland) his friends. He is the analytical type, and not very good with 'feelings', instead preferring to push them aside until they show some fraction of rationality. So... in other words... Never. He loves dogs and sausages.

Poland

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Angel-boy.

Power: Healing. He can convert energy from himself, and transfer it to a wounded living thing, be it countryhuman, animal, or even plant! However, the more complex the wound, the harder to heal.

Joke Power: Over-optimism.

Weakness: Like Germany, his largest weakness is his own use of his power. Besides that he has a strong dislike of fire, sharp blades, and very loud noises that stem from his past. Sometimes he has panic attacks and nightmares, but he never lets this taint his view of the world, and he never ceases to brighten up the room.

Joke Weakness: People touching/pulling on his wings.

Personality: He is a cheerful guy with a traumatic and bloody past,

something that his friends all respect him for. He is an open book with his feelings and emotions, but unlike America, he isn't blunt. He has a crush on Germany, and asks for Japan's advice for getting Germany to like him back. Unfortunately these attempts fluster Germany, who is unused to such advances. He has many scars from his bloody past, as well as wings, from him rising up each time from being beaten down. He may not be the strongest in the friend group, but he certainly is persistent!

South Korea

Gender: Male.

Nicknames: Senpai. (If ***YOU*** cAlL hIm ThAt, YoU wIlL dIe).

Power: Water manipulation. He can pull the moisture from the air, or the earth, but with some difficulty. For him, it is much easier to just manipulate water in it's easily accessible liquid form, although he does have some control over it in it's gas and solid form.

Joke Power: K-pop.

Weakness: Like everyone else, too much of an energy strain can seriously harm him, so he makes sure to keep his powers limited by the extent of his abilities. Other than that, though, dehydration is rough on him, even more so than others, due to his connection with the liquid.

Joke Weakness: Dehydration. StAy HyDrAtEd KiDs!!!

Personality: The newest member of the friend group, South Korea was introduced and accepted merely because he was a decent countryhuman being, unlike SOME of their classmates. Another reason is that Japan was totally crushing on him from the moment she saw him. (WAS NOT). Yes, Japan, you totally were. Don't even try to deny it. (HISS...). After they got to know him better, it was discovered that he has a lot in common with Japan, personality wise. He is optimistic and cheerful, and is Japan's shipping partner. He is calm, and levelheaded, often not freaking out much in certain situations that are totally justifiable for freaking out. It's honestly rather uncanny.

Chapter One: Friends and Potatoes

Russia's POV

Why.

I hate my life sometimes.

I was walking to the bus stop with my friend America, and he would not SHUT **UP!!!** Today he decided for some reason that he wanted to have wings like Poland, so as of now he was quite literally hovering over my shoulder, arm resting on my ushanka, poking my cheek, and asking stupid questions.

"Russia!!! Hey Russia!!!"

Ugh.

"Ruski? Rus? Russ-"

"WHAT IS IT AMERRRIKA?!?!?"

"Hi."

"..."

I stopped. His arm slid my ushanka forwards with his momentum. He turned surprised to look at me, and he paled. My face was shadowed by the upset ushanka, and I was shaking. My eye twitched.

He bolted.

I chased after him, ushanka flaps flying in the wind, random blank papers spilling out of my bag.

"THAT'S IT AMERRRIKA! I'M GOING TO **KILL** YOU!!!!!"

"NUUUUUUU I'M TOO SEXY TO DIEEEEE!!!!! WAAAAH!!! CANADA HELP MEH!!!"

He crashed into his brother up ahead on the bus stop, who looked very surprised at this. I slowed down and tried to conceal a grin. He was piggy-backing on the very confused Canadian, accidentally covering his eyes with his arms. Canada sighed and pushed Ame's arms away so he could see.

"Ame, what did you do now?"

Ame batted his eyes innocently. "Me? I did absolutely nothing! This meanie guy just decided to chase me!!! Help me brother!" He said, an innocent expression on his face.

Cute.

I blushed a little and shook my head. Unfortunately, Japan, who was also there, saw and gave me a lenny face. I glared at the Neko, furious.

"I kinda doubt you did nothing, America. Were you pestering him again?" Canada said, the peacemaker as always.

"Maaaaaaybe?"

Canada sighed again, sliding America off his back and onto the ground, where he sat and huffed.

"Anyway, Russia, where's your sister Ukraine?"

Now it was my turn to give a lenny face. However, it was not as good as Japan's, and my friends snorted in laughter. Ame giggled. I flushed a light pink again. Japan wiggled her eyebrows.

"Ukrrraine's rright behind me, I wonder what's taking her so lon-"

Something hit me on the back of my head, hard.

I fell forwards, onto Ame. He blushed a little and gave me his

attempt at a seductive smile.

"Well, if you wanted to get closer Ruski, you could have just said so..." He purred.

I shifted off of him, and smacked his face, upsetting his glasses.

"Hey!"

I ignored him and Japan, who was fangirling silently nearby, and sat up, rubbing my head and looking at the foreign missile.

A potato.

Oh no.

Ukraine came running in, holding potatoes in her hands, screaming.

"RUSSIA YOU FORGOT TO EAT BREAKFAST!!! YOU WILL BE POTATO PUNISHED!!!"

She shoved a potato in my mouth.

"POTATOES FOR EVERYONE!!!!!!!"

She shoved a potato in Canada's mouth, Ame's, Japan's then bolted over to Germany and Poland who were walking over from their side of the neighborhood. I sighed and pulled the potato out of my mouth.

"Who even eats potatoes for brrreakfast anyways..."

I trailed off, looking at America, still on the ground, nomming on the potato furiously. I raised an eyebrow.

"Whapth? Ipth fweeh foooh!!!" He said with his mouth full.

I grinned and rolled my eyes. Canada was looking dreamily at his potato, and in the corner of my eye, I saw Germany was pulling Ukraine off Poland, while Ukraine was shoving a potato in his mouth. Ame stood up, somehow having eaten his entire potato already, and slapped his brother on the back, who snapped out of

his dreamlike stare at the potato.

"Maple, you're supposed to eat it, not make out with it!"

Canada flushed quickly and glared at his brother, quickly protesting, "I wasn't making out with it!!!"

"Not *yet* you weren't."

"Who's making out with a potato?"

Ukraine joined in the conversation, having distributed the rest of the potatoes to a confused and disturbed looking Germany and Poland behind her. Canada blushed hard and stuttered.

"Eh? I-I-I-"

"Well, good for you," she said putting a hand on his shoulder, "glad to see someone else who understands the importance of the almighty potato, Da?"

"D-da..."

Ame, Japan, and I cracked up at the look of poor Canada's face. Then Ame thought it was a good idea to make all of our lives worse by sharing some of his potato puns.

"Well eye hate to ruin the moment, but I must a-peel to you brother, the face you are making is truly spud-tacular!"

I groaned and Japan rolled her eyes. Germany, who had walked up to the rest of the group with Poland said, "Amerika, that vas really terrible."

Ame shrugged, "I yam what I yam."

We all laughed at that, and after a few more minutes of joking around and hanging out, the bus pulled up to the stop. We got on, and it rolled off, starting towards our new school,

The Academy of Pangaea.

A/N: Sorry if it's bad, it's my first time doing this. Please help out by commenting spelling errors, I'd really appreciate it! Also remember, if you have any questions, just comment them, and Japan will try to answer them. Don't forget the flex-tape for the fourth wall though!!! ;) 828 words.

Chapter Two: The Past and the Present

[image]

A/N: Art by @theintrovertedcookie Thank you so much!!!

Germany's POV

I can't wait for school to start! My friends may call me a nerd from time to time, but to be honest, it's true! I just love learning new things, and studying, and research. It's just so fun for me! There's only one thing I hate about school, and that's bullies. No matter where I go, there's always someone who picks on me for being a bookworm, or wearing glasses. I hope there aren't any bullies in Pangaea Academy, that would suck. I mean, it could be worse, I could be completely friendless, like I was when I was 7, before I met Poland and the others. I stare out the window, reminiscing as we trundled off to the brand-new school.

I remember that day being...

Flashback

...A cloudy, drizzly day, not cold enough to need to wear a coat, but cold so that a jacket would not suffice. I pressed my face up against the glass, staring out into the school's playground. The teacher's had deemed it to be inside recess today, and though I often just stayed inside and read anyway, not having any friends to play with, today I was

unsatisfied with reading. The classroom was rowdy and loud, for the teacher had left to do what ever it was that teacher's do in the teacher's lounge. I turned around and looked around the room from my seat at my desk. Kids were throwing paper airplanes and chasing each other around the room screaming. One particular kid caught my attention. His flag was white on the top, and red on the bottom. It looked like he was crying, his eyes squeezed shut, undoubtedly to keep tears in as he mumbled under his breath.

I don't know why, but I was sad. The pretty boy should not cry! Though I was very shy and introverted, I decided right there to go over there, and be his friend. I stood up, a determined expression on my young face, when all of a sudden...

...His head snapped upright.

My eyes widened in confusion. Wasn't he sad before? Now he was grinning from ear to ear, yelling something about finding someone, and tearing off around the room, searching for som-

Oh.

He wasn't lonely, or sad.

He was playing hide-and-go-seek with his friends.

Friends.

I wish I had friends.

I felt foolish and sad. What am I doing? I can't make friends! I'm just an unloved little nerd, a freak whose only power is to hide away from other countries. I should just sit down and go back to doing the only thing I'm good for. Being an invisible nobody.

I sat down, but fell hard, raucous laughter filling my ears. Eyes stinging with unshed tears, I looked up at the source of the crow-like laughter.

Oh no.

*It's **THEM**.*

The bullies who were responsible for making my life practically hell. The leader leaned down and narrowed his eyes at me.

"Hey freak, didja have a nice TRIP?"

He straightened back up and laughed harder with his friends. I wanted to sink into the floor and die from humiliation.

*All of a sudden, a red, white, and blue blur knocked into the leader, who gave a surprised yelp. Whoever it was, was screaming something along the lines of, 'EAT MY FISTS OF **JUSTICE** YOU NOT NICE BULLY JERKBUTTFACE!!!' A second figure with ears and a tail kicked one of the bullies in the no-no square. I stared in wonder, no one has ever stood up for me before. Suddenly, my attention was arrested by the same boy I was watching earlier. He sat on his knees and held out his hand.*

"Are you okay?"

I slowly nodded, then grabbed his hand as he pulled me up. I felt warm and fuzzy inside. He pumped it up and down.

"Good," he smiled, "My name's Poland, what's yours?"

"G-Germany..."

"Well nice to meet'cha Germany! Let's be friends! Here, I'll introduce you to my-"

"What on Earth is going on in here!" A stern voiced called out, capturing all of our attentions, and briefly halting the fight between the nice boy and girl and the bullies. About a second later they decided they didn't care about the teacher and continued to fight.

"Children! Honestly!" The teacher strode over, accidentally stepping on one of the legs of the bully who got his no-no square kicked. He yelped, and the teacher looked down at him apologetically, before continuing to walkover to the fight. The teacher picked up the leader bully in one hand and the red, white, and blue boy in the other. The latter continued to thrash and squirm, squeaking out unintelligible phrases and waving his fists around. The teacher shook him and he stopped, hanging limp with a miffed expression on his face, his sunglasses askew.

"I don't care how this fight started, you are all going to detention! Right now! For the rest of the day!"

And so I met Poland, and his friends. I never again was lonely, and even the detention time wasn't bad! I remember spending almost the entire time giggling with my new friends and staring dreamily at-

Flashback end

Huh? I jolted upright, Poland was shaking my shoulder.

"Germany! We're here! Look out the window!"

I turned and stared out at our new school.

It looked almost like a castle! The sunlight bathed it in a warm light, giving it a friendly appearance. The windows peeped out of their spots within the stone brick walls, making it look like some sort of...nice...large...grey...monster-thingie. I could practically SMELL the history that emanated from it's walls! I teared up and started drooling slightly. Poland besides me shifted uncomfortably.

"G-Gee, it kinda looks... scary! Too bad we will be moving in here tomorrow, I'm not sure I want to see what this place looks like at night!"

I shook my self, snapping into awareness. I almost forgot! Since today was more like an orientation of sorts, we didn't have to pack and bring our stuff with us, but tomorrow we would be moving in! The whole group had requested roommates. I was with Poland, America was with Russia, Ukraine was with Japan, and Canada was with...I forgot his name. Actually, It was kind of strange how our roommates also for the most part coincided with Japan's ships of us, of course her 'Canukr' couldn't happen, but after all, boys can't share rooms with girls. Although, knowing her, she probably has something up her sleeve about that. I do remember Japan handing a wad of something to the person in charge of dorms. The bus slowly came to a halt and we shuffled out and stared at our new school in awe. I wonder what everyone else thinks about this...

Japan's POV

Oh my yaoi!!! It looks like something straight out of a medieval manga!!!

Canada's POV

Wow. They even have a garden and a courtyard! I'm going to love it here!

Poland's POV

It's pretty cool, not gonna lie, but I still think that something seems a little...off

Ukraine's POV

It's so big! I wonder how in the world we are going to get to all of our classes on time!

Russia's POV

It looks pretty old. I hope it isn't all broken down and ancient inside.

America's POV

Is water wet? Is a hotdog a sandwich? What is everyone looki-?

Oh.

[image]

(Art by @theintrovertedcookie thank you!!!)

Everyone's POV

We're here.

A/N: 1219 words, and two a day is rare. I was just bored. Also if you feel 'inspired' to draw a scene, GO FOR IT. I would love to put it in here!

Chapter Three: PEACE out!

Ukraine's POV

We walk under the large entrance gate and enter the school grounds. I gaped at the school. It was nothing like the schools my friends and I have gone to before! It looked like multiple castles that made up a larger building. There were four of these castles, one at each corner of the academy, with many towers and rooms. In the middle of the academy there was on one side a large garden and courtyard, with a fountain in the very middle, depicting a countryhuman woman. I assumed it was a statue of Pangaea herself! The other side of the center of the academy was a large field. It had obstacles all around it, and ominous looking scorch marks and ripped up turf. However, instead of looking messy, it gave the appearance of a battlefield and training ground, the scars of young nations powers giving it an exciting appeal. I fished around in my backpack, and pulled out a map I printed out. This place was so huge there was no doubt in my mind that I was going to need to use it!

Our group of students-to-be walked along the path into the center of the academy, and straight to the fountain of Pangaea. A short, light blue person with a white dove on his flag jogged over to our group. He was wearing a gray suit, a red tie, and shiny black shoes. He quickly climbed up and stood on the edge of the fountain, grabbing a megaphone and grabbing all of our attentions. The kids constant chatting had lessened to a murmur as he prepared to speak, but as soon as he opened his mouth, they decided that they didn't actually care about whatever it was that the poor guy was going to say, and continued talking with their friends. I giggled as the light blue man's flag flushed into a periwinkle color.

rrrrrRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I clutched at my ears at the high-pitched noise of feedback, and noticed other kids doing the same. The light blue man nodded as if

satisfied with the pain and suffering that he had wrought with his hellish megaphone, and spoke.

"G-good m-morning students of the new Academy of P-Pangaea!" He squeaked out in a shrill voice that occasionally stuttered and tripped on his words. "My name is M-Mr. P-PEACE, and I am so g-glad to see you all here today on this f-fine m-morning-"

Ame interrupted and cupped his hands around his mouth, screaming out, "MR. P-PEACE, IT'S PRONOUNCED Y'ALL!!!"

The kids snorted and chuckled at this, but mister mosquito-voice was not amused.

"W-well I know that you m-might come from a culture that- Ah forget about that!" He glared at Ame, who grinned back at him. "Anyways, welcome to Pangaea! I will be pointing out the main parts of the b-building before g-giving you m-maps and schedules of your own use." He pointed behind us and to the left, at one of the castles on the corner of the academy, then continued clockwise from there, pointing out and naming the four castles. "That would be the school wing, that would b-be the mess hall and recreation center, that would be the d-dorms, and that wing is the library."

I looked over at Germany, who was drooling again at the thought of an entire castle devoted to books. I giggled again and Canada, who was standing beside me looked away quickly, his face more red than normal. I hope he isn't sick!

"And f-finally, that small building at the back of the academy, that is strictly f-forbidden. Any questions?"

Russia raised his hand.

"Yes, Mister, uh..." Mr. PEACE fumbled with a piece of paper he was holding. "Mister Rusheeya?"

Ame visibly was trying hard not to laugh at the botched pronunciation of my brother's name, and Russia looked pissed off.

"Vell sirrr, my name is prrronounced Rrrussia. Also, vhy is that building off limits?"

Mr. PEACE frowned slightly, his face darkening for a moment, before immediately lightening up and regaining composure.

"It's... a faculty building..." He said without stuttering after a pause. "Anyway, that's all the t-time w-we have f-for questions t-today! Come up single f-file to receiver your schedules and map!"

All the kids shuffled forwards to receive said items from Mr. PEACE. I hung back and turned to my friends.

"What was up with that?" I whispered. They knew what I was talking about, as it looked like they too were confused and suspicious at what just happened.

"I don't know," growled Russia, "But something tells me we kan't trrust this guy."

"Yeah!" Gasped out Ame suddenly, "I bet he's secretly an alien who's trying to kidnap us all and drain our powers for himself so he can be strong enough to take over the world!"

We all slowly looked at him, confused. Germany face-palmed, and Russia rolled his eyes. Canada spoke up next.

"I'm sure that's a good reason, Meri, but I don't think it's very realistic-"

"Realistic? REALISTIC? What about aliens is not realistic! Aliens are real!!! I've seen one!! I was at the raid-"

"...And I'm going to stop you right there America, aliens aren't real, and even if they were, they couldn't be here on this planet! The nearest life-supporting planet is..." I shut out Germany and America as they debated the possibility of aliens. I turned to the others.

"What do you guys think about this?" I spoke as we all walked up to receive our maps and schedules. I had grabbed a map for some reason, even though I already had one. I had put my printed one, that I got from an archive library back in town, in my backpack.

"I'm not sure. I kinda doubt it's aliens, maybe we are being too suspicious. I mean, the building probably is only a faculty room or

something like that." Poland spoke up.

I took a brief glimpse at the schedule in my hands. "Hey! I have power training first today! What about you guys?" We all compared schedules, and discovered that we all happened to have the exact same classes at the exact same times. Japan for some reason looked fairly smug about this, but I quickly brushed it aside. "C'mon guys!" I yelled, "We don't want to be late for our very first class!"

"You know, it's probably not going to actually be a class today, right?" Ame said.

I looked at him confusedly. "Why not?"

Ame rolled his eyes. "Well today is just for getting to know everyone, and where to go, so it's highly unlikely we'll actually be doing something worth doing in the next class."

"Well, just in case, I think we better get there. After all, not all of us want our first impressions to be troublemakers." I said, smirking at Ame who laughed.

"I see what your saying! Anyway, all I'm saying is today's classes are going to be a snap!" He said as he snapped his fingers for emphasis. He continued on cockily,

"Power training is going to be easy!"

A/N: Kinda cool to know that people are actually reading this! Don't forget to comment! I love reading your guy's reactions to this! Book theories are also welcomed, and questions you have will be answered by Japan! (Unless it spoils anything too big) Also Mr. PEACE is an OC, not a real organization or country, so I can make fun of him, or do what ever I want without actually offending anyone! :D. 1147 words.

Chapter Four: Fights and Fluffs

America's POV

I think I have made a horrible mistake.

Unfortunately for me, I said that last part in earshot of our power training teacher, and he did not look amused. He made his way to where I stood. He was HUGE!!! This was the first person I've seen in my entire life that was taller than Russia, and by an entire foot too! His flag was blood-red, with an orange fist on it. He was broad-shouldered, and his muscles stood out, well defined by the tight orange t-shirt he was wearing. He also was wearing sneakers, sports shorts, and a training whistle. This guy looked like he meant business!!!

He bent over and asked me a question with a quiet tone that did not in the least match his physical appearance, "Young man, did you by chance say that my class was going to be easy?"

When I heard his polite words and gentle tone, I relaxed and immediately felt more confident. This guy probably only looked like a tough guy, but I'd bet he was a softie on the inside. "Yeah, I did, in fact."

"What's your name young man?"

"My name's America, nice to me-"

He suddenly lifted me up by the collar of my shirt, I squeaked in surprise. "ALRIGHT SCRUBS!!!" He thundered out. My friends took a step backwards in shock, and from my new height, I noticed that

three more countries had joined. Probably the other students. The teacher continued, "LET ME SET SOME THINGS STRAIGHT! YOU ONLY HAVE MY CLASS TODAY, THE REST OF THE DAY WILL BE SPENT GETTING TO KNOW THE ACADEMY GROUNDS BETTER!!! I KNOW YOU ARE EXPECTING TO BE LET OFF EASY ON THIS FIRST DAY, AND BE TAUGHT 'RULES' AND 'PROCEDURES' AND ALL OF THAT SISSY STUFF, BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY I ROLL!!"

"No kidding." I whispered under my breath, however it was not quiet enough, and he heard me. He glared at me, and I realized that I had probably made my first enemy, not even half an hour from when we got off the bus.

"TODAY YOU ALL WILL BE SHOWING ME YOUR LIMITS AND POWERS, NOW LINE UP!!! **NOW!!!**"

He said that last part with a roar, punching out his arm for emphasis. Sadly for me, I was being suspended from that same arm, and I jerked forwards harshly.

I felt queasy.

The nine other countries in the class quickly sprang into a line. I noticed Russia was glaring daggers at the teacher.

'Aw, does Ruski liiike meee?' I smirked.

"SOMETHING FUNNY SHORTY???"

"N-no sir!" I stammered out.

"GOOD. NOW CLASS, I AM YOUR TEACHER MR. BRUTE. YOU WILL CALL ME 'SIR'! TODAY I WILL GIVE YOU EACH CHALLENGES TO SHOW ME YOUR POWERS AND STRENGTH AS WELL AS CONTROL. NOW, EACH OF YOU STEP FORWARDS ONE AT A TIME AND GIVE ME YOUR NAMES AND POWERS!!! YOU FIRST SMARTMOUTH!!!"

"America, I'm a shapeshifter. *sir*."

"Show me your true form."

Rats. I sighed and took off my sunglasses, exposing my rapidly changing eyes. He dropped me on the ground, and I morphed into my true form, losing the wings I decided to have at school today. Like my eyes, my true form changes rapidly, flicking through all 50+ of my states and territories. Two of the new guys burst into laughter, and I flushed angrily, embarrassed.

"Ugh, turn that off, kid, you're giving me a headache..." said Mr. Brute mockingly. I willingly complied, and put my sunglasses back on. It wasn't too difficult to morph in and out of my true form, because it was, well, my true form, so I wasn't as tired as a full change usually would make me.

"Anyway, NEXT!!!"

"Russia, heat manipulation, sir!"

"Japan, bringing pictures to life, sir."

"South Korea, water manipulation... sir..."

Huh, he's one of he kids in the class I don't know. The other two go immediately after him. I can already tell they are going to be jerks.

"Cayanes, super strength, sir!"

"Reonelles, fire manipulation, sir!!"

"Ukraine, light manipulation, sir."

"Germany, invisibility, sir."

"Poland, healing, sir!"

"C-C-Canada, s-sir..." Poor bro, he was shaking like a leaf, pun intended, of course.

"AND YOUR POWERS?"

"P-p-plant growth, and c-c-communication, s-sir..."

"P-P-P-Poor M-m-m-m-me! I c-c-can't s-s-speak r-r-right! STOP

YOUR SNIVELING KID!!!"

Oh, he did NOT just say that. I saw red, and spoke up, cutting off Ukraine, who was about to stand up for her boyfr- I mean, FRIEND.

"Excuse *me* Mr. sausage fingers, but that's *my* brother you're talking to! Now if you're done *bullying* your own students to build up your own *pathetic* ego, can you actually *teach* us something instead of *yelling* at us like the *stupid coward* you are?!?" I said this saucily, drawing on my southern accent to infuriate him.

It worked. He sputtered out a couple of obscenities before saying, "Do you *want* to die? You're the dumbest kid I've ever met!!!"

I smirked and pulled something out of my pocket. Germany face-palmed and Russia bit back a laugh.

[image]

(Image not mine)

"NO, U!"

He narrowed his eyes and growled. "HERE ARE YOUR ASSIGNMENTS!!!"

He then proceeded to give us our tasks for the day. Russia had to stand in a river, and freeze the fast moving water, a near-impossible task. Ukraine had to make an exact duplicate mirage of various items. South Korea and Reonelles had to hit moving targets with their powers. Germany and Cayanes had to duel. Canada had to meditate and search for pre-planted seeds, buried at different depths, and grow them to the surface. Japan had to make her way around one of the obstacle courses. Poland's powers were to be tested by healing anybody who got hurt, and seeing that all of the challenges had a dangerous twist to them, it looked like he had his work cut out for him. As for me, well...

"And, you, Mr. Smartmouth, are going to duel me..." Mr. BRUTE said in a dangerously low tone.

I gulped.

We walked over towards a small arena. It had roped off boundaries like a wrestling ring, but was filled with sand. After I clambered in, it occurred to me that he hadn't told us what his powers were.

Our match started, and I immediately dodged his first attack. He had run straight at me, arms outstretched, probably hoping to end our battle before it truly started. Sand flew in my face. I didn't want to morph right off the bat, as I would lose energy and wouldn't know how to best attack him. I had to look for his power so I could gauge the best way to-

THERE!

THE SAND!!! Instead of flying into his eyes, it parted, and went around him! Now that I knew what I was looking for, I noticed other signs. All of a sudden, a gust of sand swirled around my feet. He was trying to grab me! I cried out triumphantly as I quickly took to the sky with eagle wings. I noticed that some of the other kids had stopped what they were doing to watch our battle. I peered down at them, searching for Russia. When I saw him looking, I did a loop-de-loop. But he didn't look impressed, or even annoyed. He looked...

...*Scared.*

Suddenly he pointed behind me and screamed out something I couldn't hear because of the wind.

Oh crap.

Mr. BRUTE's power wasn't sand...

He was just manipulating the wind to make me think his powers were earth-related...

...So I would go in the sky...

...His domain...

...He had storm powers!!!

At this realization, I quickly banked and turned around. It was as I

feared. He was suspended on an angry-looking cloud, smirking at me. He gestured about, and we were suddenly encased in a storm cloud, effectively hidden from sight. I felt dizzy, with the change in air pressure, black spots dancing in my eyes. He grinned wildly and arcs of electricity shot through the space between us. They struck me, and I screamed. It felt like I was on fire!!! I tried to control my powers, but the electric shock had messed them up for the time being and I was rapidly morphing without control. I dimly felt the sensation of falling, but it felt almost as If it was happening to someone else. I started to pass out from the amount of energy I lost.

The last things I remember before giving in to the darkness, was my body hitting the sand in what would have been a bone-jarring impact had I been fully conscious, and my friends yelling my name. A pair of arms grabbed me, and someone shouted for Poland.

Then I blacked out.

15 minutes later

"Agh, my head..." I came to with a splitting headache. I slowly opened my eyes. Even through my sunglasses, which had miraculously stayed on through the fight, the sun caused daggers of pain to shoot through my head. I looked around, and discovered I was laying on someone's lap.

Russia's.

Normally I would joke about this situation, or at least flirt, but my head was hurting too much for me to think of anything to say. I noticed all of my friends, including that South Korea kid in our class, and I were on one of the benches in the courtyard and garden part of the academy.

"Amerrika, arre you okay?" Russia said, sounding worried.

"Yeah, I'm good. Well, other than a headache worse than a vodka-induced hangover." I managed to say weakly.

Russia chuckled. "Well, if he's able to joke, then he's not hurrrt too badly."

Poland helped me into a sitting position. "It's okay if you have a headache, it will go away if you get some rest. You should head to your dorm with Russia. He'll take care of you, and we'll get you some lunch from the mess hall."

I nodded, grateful to have such supporting friends. "I'd like that. Thank you Poland."

They walked away, and I looked at Russia expectantly.

"What do you want?"

"Ruskie, I'm tired. Can you carry me to the dorm?" I said innocently.

"WHAT?? HET!!!"

"Cool! Thanks Russ! I knew I can count on my *best friend* to help me out when I *need* it the most!"

"That's not what I sa- you know what? Forrrget it. Surrre, I'll carry you." He sighed and scooped me up. He might've thought I was joking, but I actually really was tired, and didn't think I could make the trip to find the dorm on my own two feet. Also I was lazy. We started walking off in the direction of the dorms.

3rd person's POV

Russia walked through the hallway, spying his and Ame's room. He quickened his step, wanting to get out of view before someone saw him and jumped to conclusions. He didn't want anyone to think they were *dating*. He was just...helping a...friend...

"Afterr all, it's only gay if we make it..." he said to reassure himself.

"Whadidya say?" Asked a half-awake Ame.

"N-nothing!"

"Okaaay..." Ame yawned.

Russia quickly opened their door and shut it, glad to be out of sight. He walked towards their room. There was only one bedroom, with

two beds, one on each side of the room. He slowly lowered the sleeping Ame onto one of the beds. he turned around, but before he could leave, Ame grabbed him and pulled him onto the bed, cuddling him like a stuffed animal. Russia blushed furiously and struggled, but resistance was futile against the sleeping Americans death grip on him. Russia huffed and made himself a little more comfortable. He yawned.

'I'm not going to sleep, I'm just...going to close...my eyes...for...a...sec.....'

An hour later...

Japan knocked quietly on the boys' dorm. She figure Ame might be asleep by that time, but just in case, she had brought the two of them some lunch. When no one opened the door, she figured she might as well let herself in. She had an extra key for all of her friends rooms, just in case of a shipping emergency situation. She walked in and set the tray of food down. She noticed that none of the lights were on, so they must have been asleep. The neko smiled devilishly.

'I know! I'll put one of them in the same bed as the other so that I can get a pic and my ship will finally sail!!!'

She opened the door of the bedroom and saw something that almost set her squealing. Russia was asleep. With America. In the same bed. She bit her paw to stifle any noises. Russia's head was resting on Ame's, who was pressed into the tall Slav's chest. They were hugging, Russia holding America in a protective way that made Japan's inner fangirl almost have a seizure from over fluffiness exposure. She whipped out her phone, took a picture, and silently fled the scene to go write rusame fanfics and share the news with the rest of the gang.

The two countries continued to sleep peacefully in each other's arms.

A/N: 2194 words??? Wow!!! I just couldn't find a good place to

stop, and I wanted to get a couple fluffy moments in before... something, that I'm not at liberty to say, happens. Thank you all for your time!!! Please tell me if you see any spelling or grammar mistakes!!! <3!!!

Chapter Five: Just Desserts

[image]

A/N: Tribute to @CallMeCactipri, you were an inspiration to me, and you encouraged me to write this book. Live on in your words, and in our hearts, friend.

Canada's POV

'I hope Ame is okay...'

Thoughts of my brother swirled in my head. Sure, I knew he could take care of himself, but the way that, that, *unkind person* just knocked him out of the sky made me want to cry. I love my brother, he may be a little crazy and rude sometimes, but that doesn't change the fact that he's my *brother*, and I couldn't help but feel somewhat responsible for his literal downfall.

Tears came to my eyes, blurring my vision as I made my way to the mess hall. Ukraine noticed, and lagged behind the others to walk with me. She put her hand on my shoulder.

"Canada, are you alright?" She asked me sincerely, a worried expression on her face.

"I-I- No, not really..." I said, trying to hold back my tears.

"It's okay if you want to tell me about it," she directed me over to a bench. I sat down. "You're a sensitive guy, and I can tell somethings bothering you."

I looked out at the garden and courtyard in front of us. Pathways cut through the landscape, dividing up patches of flowers and trees. Even without directly using my powers, I could still faintly hear the flowers gossiping and offering me advice on how to woo 'the lady'. I blushed.

"Well, I just...somehow feel like...like Ame getting hurt was my fault..."

She looked up at me surprised. "How was it your fault?"

"If, if I had been able to get over my fear of Mr. BRUTE, then Ame wouldn't have snapped at him, and he wouldn't have to duel the teacher!"

"Oh Canada," She smiled at me reassuringly. "Ame would have found some way or another to get on Mr. BRUTE's bad side. It's not your fault, that's just the way he is!"

I smiled back. She patted my hand, then pulled me up. I ignored the fluttering of my heart.

"Now, let's go get some lunch! I think I smell pancakes! And where there's pancakes..."

I picked up where she left off, "There's syrup!!!"

She laughed and pulled me towards the mess hall. "That's right! Now let's go eat, Leaf-face!"

"Hey!!!"

I ran after her, my raccoon hat's tail flying out behind me. We laughed, and on an impulse, I turned around to see the bench.

Overshadowing it was a maple tree, surrounded with yellow, white, and blue poppies.

The same flowers that Ukraine had in her flower crown.

Timeskip to Lunch...

Ukraine was right, there were pancakes for lunch today. Ukraine was already at our table with our friends. I was just taking forever to arrange my tray of breakfast food to perfection. I slathered butter on my stack of 'cakes, and poured out a healthy serving of good ole' maple syrup on it all. The darkish honey-colored liquid oozed over my lunch. My eyes shining, I turned to head for the table. About

three-quarters of the way there, I felt pressure on the front of one of my legs. I gasped and crashed to the ground, my tray of food spilling everywhere. Ukraine quickly dodged a flying syrup-covered pancake, and rushed over to help me up.

"TIIIIIMMMBEEEERRRR!!!!!!!!" An unfamiliar voice called out, accompanied by a rough torrent of laughter.

Tears forming in my eyes once again, I turned to see who had desecrated my maple-flavored breakfast. It was Reonelles, Cayanes, and some others that I assumed were associated with the two.

Reonelles bent down and sneered, "Awww, is the wittle baby gunna cwy?" He laughed and stood up. Cayanes, who never struck me as very smart, chuckled loudly.

"Huhuhuh! Yeah! Baby! Like a...baby...uh.....kitten! Yeah!" He beamed proudly. I gave him a confused look. Reonelles deadpanned him.

"Cay, just...shut up and stick to doing what your good at...you're making me look bad bro."

Cayanes scratched his head. "Uhhh... what am I good at again?"

Reonelles facepalmed. "Nothing..." he muttered, then spoke up louder. "You're the muscleman Cay! How many times do I have to say this?!? Anyway..." He turned to me again, red-faced in anger, partly because of the slightly confused and partially amused look I gave him. "It's your fault we had to end class today, Weedface!!! If you hadn't acted like the pathetic baby you are, then your friend wouldn't have gotten hurt, and we would still get to train!!!"

Ukraine's expression darkened as tears ran freely down my red cheeks. "If you say *one* more rude comment about *my* Maple, I will make you regret the day you were *born*!"

Reonelles laughed. "And what are you going to do, *shine* me to death? Puh-lease! Don't make me lau-"

Ukraine launched herself forwards with a scream of rage. I watched in shock as she grabbed Reonelles and Cayanes by the scruff of their

necks, almost like they were kittens, and cracked their skulls together. Cayanes tottered stupidly backwards and slipped on some spilt syrup. His foot went up, his head went down.

CRACK!!!

I winced at the noise, but Ukraine didn't even notice. She was too busy beating in Reonelles' face with a potato. He growled and threw her off of him. She skidded on the floor, and I leapt up and ran to her dazed body. I helped her up, and Ukraine directed a glare at the panting nation, who was trying to escape her clutches. I narrowed my eyes.

Nobody hurts Ukraine and gets away with it!

I closed my eyes, searching for a plant that could suit my purposes.

There.

The fallen potato laid unassumingly on the ground, in the perfect position for my plan. Ukraine saw what I was doing, and held my hand, directing her stored sun energy into my body. I opened my eyes suddenly, and connected the flow of power to the potato. It immediately sprung to life, the stalk enlarging to enormous proportions. The plant itself was giddy with energy and eager to please. I only suggested my idea to it, and it promptly complied. It probably helped that it had a mischievous personality to begin with. The leaves and stalk grabbed up the screaming Reonelles, and smashed him into the ground. I told it to stop, and it obeyed, leaving the bully suspended upside-down in the air.

We both relaxed and turned around. Japan was enjoying the fight, and even had a bag of popcorn, which she was sharing with Germany and Poland. She jumped up and started clapping.

"Wow guys! You two make such a great team!"

"T-thanks..." I said. I was uncomfortable because I didn't like violence. Ukraine pulled me over to the table.

"I'm sorry about your lunch Maple." She said sincerely.

"It's okay Ukraine. Thanks for standing up for me. I really appreciate it."

"No problem! Here, you can share some of mine, I put some maple syrup on the side, so you can use that!"

I nodded gratefully, and Japan took this time to hit us with her next big idea.

"I have a great idea for tonight, guys!" She mewed out excitedly. I raised an eyebrow, and she continued, "We are all packed for moving in tomorrow, right?" We nodded. "Well what's the best way to start out our life at the Academy?"

"Uh, getting a good night's rest?" Germany ventured.

"No, silly!" She giggled. I noticed that one of the new kids from our class, I think his name was South Korea, was sitting next to her and was staring at the neko dreamily. I elbowed Ukraine, and she smiled back at me, wiggling her eyebrows.

"We should have a sleepover party!!! We can call our parents, and they can bring us our bags to the school!! It can be in my dorm!!!" Japan said excitedly. "You can come too, SK!!" South Korea's eyes shone with excitement.

"How about it guys?"

We all nodded.

It did sound like a good way to start out the year...

A/N: 1332 words. Next chapter will be about the sleepover, and the gang is going to play 'Truth or Dare!' I know that's really cliche, but y'know what? Whatever. I do need some help with truths and dares so PLEASE help me out!!! Nothing smutty, just fluff. I am a cinnamon roll, and I sure as heck ain't gonna write *that* kind of stuff. Good dares would be like challenges or adventures. For example, pantsing Mr. PEACE or sneaking ghost peppers in Mr. BRUTE's coffee. Y'all can get

your revenge on the bullies or Mr. BRUTE. THERE IS NO LIMIT ON HOW MANY TRUTHS OR DARES YOU GIVE ME. *NO. LIMIT*. Kissing, hugging, or sitting on lap dares are acceptable. Oh, one more thing. If you dare them to do anything with that forbidden building, they *will* chicken out. Thanks for reading, and please comment your ideas!!!

Chapter Six: Sleepover Part One: The Movie

Japan's POV

"I can't wait for the party to start!" I mewed.

I was dressing up in my favorite anime schoolgirl outfit, and Ukraine was helping me tie ribbons behind my ears to complete the look.

"Oh my gosh Japan, your ears are so soft!" She giggled and stroked my ears. I started to purr loudly. "Japan, are you purring?"

"Y-yes...I can't help it...sorry." I said, still purring. She laughed and stopped. I whined for more.

"No more pets, silly! We have a party to host!"

I straightened up excitedly. "Let's review the checklist. The others will arrive in five to ten minutes."

Ukraine grabbed a sheet of paper, and started reading items from the list.

"Punch and snacks."

"Check!"

"Music?"

"Check!"

"Cute outfits to impress the guys."

I giggled. "Check!"

"Lights fashionably dimmed?"

I quickly pirouetted around the room, dimming the lights. "Now they are!"

She laughed and scribbled down a check mark. "Scary movie?"

I beamed. I made sure to pick out one that was both suspenseful, and had jump scares, to scare the North American brothers. I mentally broke the fourth wall, and called out to my friend cookie, 'Thanks for the idea cookie-san!' Cookie looked surprised for a second, and then grinned. They gave me a thumbs up, which I returned before diving through the wall break and back into my reality. Ukraine was looking at me confusedly.

"Japan, are you alright?"

"Yep! Check-a-roo for the scary movie!"

She smiled again and looked down at the list. "And last but not least, a bottle."

"Check! I held up one of Russia-kun's vodka bottles."

"Well, we're all set then!" Ukraine said, "The guests should be arriving any min-"

With impeccable timing, there was a knock at the door. I pranced over and opened it.

"Konnichiwa South-kun!"

On the other side of the door was my new friend South Korea. He was wearing a white hoodie with his flag on it, and baggy black pants. Around his neck was a pair of headphones, and I could faintly hear the sounds of K-pop coming from them. When he saw me, the music stopped, and he smiled shyly.

"Hi Japan. You look beautiful in that outfit."

I beamed and twirled, my short skirt billowed out. "Why thank you South-kun!" He blushed lightly and handed me a Korean rose. I

squealed and hugged him. "Thank you!" I grabbed his hand and pulled him inside.

Germany and Poland arrived next, precisely on time, probably due to Germany's punctual tendencies. Canada arrived shortly after. As it turned out, South Korea was his roommate, and the Canadian hadn't arrived with him because he had to make sure Rusame- I mean, Russia and America, were awake. Said countries arrived last, America always preferring to be 'fashionably late'.

After some socializing and snacking, I went to the center of the room, and clapped for attention.

"All right guys, who wants to watch a horror movie?"

The general consensus was a yes, but I made sure to look for Canada and America's reaction. Canada had visibly paled, and had grabbed onto Ukraine's hand, who squeezed the nervous boy's hand, and intertwined their fingers. I internally squealed, and twitched my ear, secretly taking a picture with my hidden camera that Ukraine helped me install. Ukraine noticed and rolled her eyes. I glanced over at America. He was chatting with Russia confidently, but I noticed he was acting slightly nervous. I smirked.

We all sat down on the couch. I noticed South Korea was sitting right next to me. My face felt hot, and I realized I had a crush on the country. That made me nervous. If I was mostly responsible for getting my friends together, then who would help me be with my love interest? My ears drooped slightly, and SK put his arm around my shoulders.

"Hey Jap, are you okay?" He asked concerned.

My face burned again, and I felt grateful that Ukraine had turned off the lights. I blinked and my eyes adjusted. "Yeah, just..."

"Just what?"

I confessed. "I was feeling kinda lonely, ya know? Like a seventh wheel."

SK took a deep breath. "W-well," he exhaled. "Well how about we

both be seventh wheels together?" I looked up at him, his face was so red, he reminded me of Russia's father. I leaned on him and purred.

"I'd like that."

He smiled, and started scratching my ears. I started purring again.

Then, the movie started.

I noticed that the POV was still mine, so I mentally broke the fourth wall again, even though some of the readers were trying to fix it with Flex tape. They groaned. I quickly found An0n and made my presence known with a small cough. They looked at me questioningly.

"Author-san, can you make the POV 3rd so we can see the couples' reactions better?" An0n sighed and nodded, typing out something quickly. They turned to me again.

"Okay, but please stop breaking the fourth wall. The readers are getting tired of fixing it..."

"No promises, An0n!" I laughed and jumped back through the break, accidentally running into one of the readers before I jumped through the break. I turned and apologized, before I was transported back into the story...

3rd person's POV

The countries enjoyed the movie. Even Canada wasn't finding it that bad. After trembling violently for the first ten minutes, Ukraine had pulled him into a hug, Canada laid down on her lap to watch the movie, and Ukraine in turn leaned her body on his back and side. She stroked his back, rubbing in comforting circles as they watched. Canada was more focused on their position to get fully invested in the movie again.

America, however, was hating this.

He didn't want to appear cowardly to Russia, so he steeled himself, and managed to brave the first half of the flick without so much as

flinching. He felt fairly proud of himself.

However, the first half was mostly plot-building, and wasn't really the scary part.

America allowed himself to relax, smirking slightly. This wasn't that bad at all!

All of a sudden, the main character of the movie walked into his house. The floor was covered in blood, and the dead body of his sister laid on the floor, an axe through her skull. Bloody footprints led the hero to the closet, which he slowly opened. The music was getting louder and more suspenseful by the second.

America shivered, and when Russia gave him a questioning look, he rubbed at his arms, pretending to be cold. Russia concentrated hard, and a pocket of warm air surrounded the American. Ame smiled at Russia, who looked thoroughly pleased with himself. His bluff blown, America turned back to the movie. He was grateful for the warmth, and though he didn't really need it, he was not just about to complain. He knew it was difficult for Russia to manipulate warmth. He continued to watch the movie miserably.

The hero *finally* finished opening the closet, and the music peaked, then suddenly cut off. America held his breath. He knew this signaled a jump scare. He mentally prepared himself.

But nothing came.

There was nothing in the closet.

America sighed, his pent-up breath releasing into the air. Relief coursed through his body, and he was just about to make a snarky comment when the camera switched to point at the hero.

Behind him, was his dead sister.

With the axe.

She was a zombie!!!

America shrieked and jumped six feet into the air. Blubbering and

stuttering out nonsense, he climbed on Russia, squirming and thrashing and moving everywhere. Russia's eyes widened, and he tried to catch the panicked American, a difficult task. Everybody else in the room burst out laughing, despite the gore on the screen, their attention diverted momentarily to the more captivating scene in front of them.

America finally stopped climbing on Russia, having found his safe place between the Slav's coat and shirt. His head poked out, and continued to watch the film, shivering.

Russia was very confused.

Was this the same fearless America who had taunted that menace of a teacher? Was it the same country that was now huddled in his coat, clinging to Russia's neck, and whimpering?

Japan was fangirling with South Korea, and was twitching her ear rapidly, taking pictures of the adorable sight. The two were both bleeding profusely from their noses, and had to leave the room to stop the blood flow. When they came back, Canada was wrapped around Ukraine, who was doing her best to comfort him. America looked like he was regretting some of his life decisions. Germany and Poland were unfazed. Germany, because he was to busy noticing all of the scientific inaccuracies in the film, and Poland because his poor eyes had seen much worse than that movie. The movie had ended.

Japan flicked on the lights, startling them all, and causing America to quickly scramble out of Russia's coat.

"Now, let's play Truth or Dare!"

A/N: 1470 words! Thank you @theintrovertedcookie for offering ideas! If y'all have any more, it's not too late! There will be a second part to the sleepover! Sorry for Japan breaking the wall...

Chapter Seven: Sleepover Part Two: Truth or Dare

A/N: PREPARE THYSELF FOR THE STORM OF FLUFF!!!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED...

3rd person's POV

The eight friends sat in a circle. Japan placed the empty bottle of vodka on it's side in the center. Russia looked at it, then back at Japan incredulously.

"H-how did you-, Why-, Wh-wha?"

Japan looked at him sneakily. "How was your nap?"

Russia turned bright red. Everyone else in the room was very confused. Even Ame didn't know what was going on, because Russia woke up before him and managed to sneak his way out of the American's embrace without waking him up.

"Russ, what is she talking about?"

"N-nothing Ame, d-don't worry about it..." Stammered out a very flustered Russia.

Japan smiled. "Anyway, who wants to spin first?"

"Hold on, Japan," spoke up South Korea, "How do we play?"

"Oh! Silly me!" Giggled the neko. "I completely forgot! Here's how you play. One person spins the bottle and whoever it lands on will be asked Truth or Dare by the spinner! Later, the person who had to do the dare or say the truth spins the bottle, and the cycle continues until we get bored!"

"Ah, I get it! Thanks Japan!" Said South Korea. "I'll go first!"

He spun the bottle, and it landed on America.

South Korea shared a sneaky look with Japan before asking, "America, Truth or Dare?"

The American was eager to repair his broken pride. "Dare!"

The Korean smiled evilly, and Ame gulped.

"I dare you to hold hands with Russia for at least 10 minutes!"

America looked at Russia, who shrugged.

"It's just a darrre, Amerrika."

America nodded and smiled. He grabbed the Russian's hand, which almost completely enveloped his own. "Russ, why is your hand so freaking big?"

Russia chuckled. "Why is yourrrs so small?"

Japan twitched her ear. She was practically in ship heaven. She smiled and winked at South Korea, who winked back. America noticed.

He spun the bottle, which eventually came to a rest on Japan. Said neko squeaked.

"YEEESSSSS!!!" America said as he pumped the fist that wasn't being held by Russia. "Payback time!!!"

Japan looked confused. "Payback? But is was SK's dare, not mine!"

America rolled his eyes. "Either way, the result will be the same. Now, Truth or Dare?"

Japan's eyes widened. Somehow America had divined her crush on the Korean, and was undoubtedly going to use her to get back at him! She reviewed her options. On one hand, if she said Truth and had to spill her feelings, then everybody would know! She wasn't

ready for that! On the other, if she said Dare, Ame would most likely dare her to hug or kiss South Korea! But at least then she had the excuse that it was a dare, and even if the Korean didn't like her back, she would still get to hug or kiss her senpai!

Japan spoke timidly, "D-dare?"

America smirked and looked at South Korea, who was still confused. "A'ight then, I dare you to kiss South Korea!"

South Korea looked shocked. He was blushing as hard as Japan was, both of them a bright cherry red. Japan leaned over to peck South Korea on the cheek, but he moved out of the way.

And kissed her full on the lips.

Japan's heart sped up, and her pupils dilated in surprise. South Korea sensed her confusion and broke off the kiss.

"I-I'm sorry Japan, I-I like you, but...I guess you don't feel the same wa-"

"YES SENPAI, YES!!!"

South Korea looked up in confusion, Japan pounced on him like a cat and kissed him back sweetly. He sat up and she curled up on his lap and closed her eyes, purring. Both of them were blushing. South Korea broke the silence.

"So, are we like, a thing now?"

Japan opened her eyes and sat up. She bumped her nose on his, and looked into his eyes.

"Yesh."

Japan promptly curled up on his lap again. "Senpai, can you spin the bottle for me?"

"Yeah, okay."

He reached over, and just then noticed everyone staring at the two

of them with their jaws practically on the floor.

"What?"

Canada spoke what they all were thinking, "Y-You made that l-look so *easy*!"

South Korea shrugged. "If I can do it, so can you guys."

Germany groaned. "Oh, great, another Japan..."

The spinning bottle landed on him, almost as if it could hear him. Germany stiffened and looked at Japan. She lazily opened one eye.

"Truth or ***DARE***."

Germany didn't like the look she was giving him, so he decided to pick what she quite clearly wanted him to pick.

"Dare..."

"Pet Poland's wings for five minutes."

Germany relaxed. After the previous display of affection, he was worried that Japan would want to 'share' her experience. He looked at Poland who nodded his permission. Germany touched the wings.

Oh.

OH.

They were so soft...

The feathers felt like bunches of clouds, the fluffiness of cotton balls with the cool feeling of silk. He brushed his hand through them, dimly aware of Poland shivering at his touch. They felt like, like...

Like the underbelly of a puppy...

My puppy...

Rocket...

Germany's eyes teared up as he remembered his now-deceased dog. He had found Rocket on the street one day, and it had followed him home. He remembered taking care of it. That dog got him through so much. Through bullying, friendlessness, depression...

He remembered the day Rocket died, the sunny weather seeming blasphemous to the tragedy.

His dog, jumping forwards to push him out of the way of an oncoming truck.

His dog looking at him until the light in his eyes went out.

His dog bleeding out onto the road.

The same road Germany found him on...

Germany sobbed aloud and buried his face in the feathers. Poland jumped, and wrapped his wings around him in comfort. Germany calmed down, and as per usual, apologized for his outburst of feelings.

Poland made a shield with his wings to talk to Germany in private. "Hey, no, it's all right. It's good to let your feelings out. That way, you can heal."

Germany hugged him. "Thank you Poland."

"It's been five minutes, you ready?"

"Ja"

Poland folded his wings, and the game continued. Germany spun the bottle, and it landed on Canada.

"Truth or Dare?"

"Um, let's shake things up a bit, eh? Truth."

"Do you have a crush?"

The Canadian gulped and shyly looked down.

"Y-yes..."

Canada quickly spun the bottle to stop the torrent of questions. It landed on Ukraine.

"Truth or Dare?"

"Truth."

"Alright," Canada thought for a minute, and then something came to mind. "Ukraine, when you stood up for me in the mess hall, you called me 'your Maple', uh, what did you mean by that?"

Ukraine looked up at Canada shyly. "Well, I care for you a lot. Take that any way you want, I'm not comfortable saying just yet. But, you *are* my Maple. It's just, what I think of you as. You're not my friend, you're my *Maple*. Do you understand? Sorry, that was confusing..."

Canada smiled. "I think I get it. But even if I don't, if you aren't comfortable with saying just yet, then that's okay. But whatever Maple means to you, I hope it's at least a friend, eh?" He laughed, and she joined in. Ame looked confused and rested his head on both of his hands, having recently released Russia's hand at the ten minute mark.

"I have no idea what just happened. Did Ukraine just create another tier for a relationship?"

Ukraine stuck her tongue out at him. "No, it's just for us."

She spun the bottle, and it landed on her brother, Russia. She grinned.

"Truth or Dare?"

Russia thought for a bit. "Uh, darre."

"Switch your ushanka for Ame's sunglasses and let us all take a picture."

Russia turned to America. "Merri, arre you comforrrtable with

that?"

"It's cool, I know y'all won't tease me for my eyes." He took off his sunglasses and gave them to Russia, who in turn gave him the ushanka. They posed, America making a silly face while flipping off the camera, his arm around Russia's neck who looked dead inside. His other hand was...

[image]

(Image not mine)

When Ukraine saw the picture, she face-palmed. "Really Ame?"

Before said American could reply, Japan butted in on the conversation. "I have a dare for everyone here!"

Their curiosity piqued, they leaned in to hear the dare.

"I dare us all to prank Mr. BRUTE in revenge!!!"

A/N: 1429 words. This was supposed to be all one chapter, but I figured it was going to be a bit long, so I published the first part, and wrote the second part on the same day! But, I like my chapter a day thing, so I think I am going to do just that, and let the finished unpublished chapters stack up over time so I can try to be consistent! I honestly can't WAIT for Mr. BRUTE's 'punishment!!!' Also, it's still not too late for any last minute dares

Chapter Eight: Sleepover Part Three: BRUTE gets the BOOT

3rd person's POV

Japan was on the floor drawing a life-sized picture of Mr. PEACE, who was the principle of the academy. South Korea was watching her, along with Ukraine. The rest of the group sat around a circular table, planning their revenge. Ame was the leader of this, seeing as he was the one who got beat up by the teacher. So far their plan consisted of getting the paper Mr. PEACE to talk to Mr. BRUTE on the phone, luring him out into the courtyard, and locking him out of his room for the night. What they were now discussing, was how to 'punish' the teacher.

"We could string him up and hang him upside-down on the flagpole." Offered Poland.

"We could just leave him in the courtyard." Suggested Germany.

"...We could kill him..." said Russia darkly.

Everybody paused what they were doing to stare at Russia.

"What? It's just a suggestion!"

Canada spoke up, "We could just tell him that it wasn't a kind thing to do, and make him apologize..."

Ame looked around at his fellow plotters. "These are all really great ideas guys, but I kinda just want to humiliate him. Make him so mad, he'd do something dumb. We could record it, and send it to everyone on campus!!!" He snickered.

"Even better," said Germany, "I can hack onto the school's wifi, and play it looped on everyone's devices, all day!"

"That's great!" Said America.

Russia frowned. He hated Mr. BRUTE with a passion, and longed to show the burly man his wrath, and make him feel true fear. He doubted simply ridiculing the teacher would satisfy his bloodlust. He made a mental note to stay behind and have some 'fun' with the teacher.

Ame and the others finally came to a set plan. It mostly relied on Ukraine's light-bending powers, Germany's invisibility, the pond, the fountain, and of course, Ame himself.

Japan took a break from her drawing to go out of the room for a second. She closed her eyes, and mentally broke the fourth wall once again, bringing back with her a new camera-wielding friend that wanted to help. She told them the plan, and they snuck out into the courtyard to hide and wait. Japan returned to her art and surveyed it critically.

In order for this to work, they needed the cooperation of the paper Mr. PEACE. Japan suddenly got an idea, and quickly shooed away her friends who were starting to clump around the drawing.

Flipping over the completed drawing,she wrote some words on the back that would complete his character, and most importantly, make him compliable to the plan.

Stuttering.

Sounds like the real Mr. PEACE.

Soft-spoken.

Won't ask questions on what we need him to do.

Holds authority over Mr. BRUTE.

Really wants to help us.

Satisfied with her work, Japan sat back on her knees and put her hands on the paper. South Korea watched her carefully, having never seen her power in action before. She gripped the lines of the drawing, her hands going somewhat *through* the paper, and she tugged. There was a popping noise, and she fell on her back, holding a papery Mr. PEACE.

"Oh, h-hi! J-J-Japan was it?" South Korea's eyes widened in shock. It sounded just like the real Mr. PEACE!

"We need your help Mr. PEACE. Call Mr. BRUTE and tell him to go out into the courtyard." Japan handed him the phone for her dorm. Germany had already hacked it so that when Mr. BRUTE received the call, it would show up as coming from the real Mr. PEACE's phone.

"I'd l-l-love t-to be of s-service!" He grabbed the phone and dialed a number. The young nations hushed, and gathered around him. They heard a gruff voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello?"

"H-hello there M-Mr. BRUTE, I n-need you t-to do s-something f-for m-m-me."

"PEACE? Uh, why are you stuttering right now?"

The countries looked at each other in confusion. What was *that* supposed to mean? Mr. PEACE got off the phone to receive instruction from Japan. She whispered something in his ear, and he nodded and turned back to the phone.

"Never m-mind that, n-now, p-please g-go out into the c-courtyard. I thought I h-heard s-someone out there."

Mr. BRUTE chuckled. "I'll bring 'em in. It's the first day of school after all. In the confusion, they won't be missed..."

Mr. BRUTE hung up, and the paper Mr. PEACE fell back onto his sheet of paper, a drawing once more, having completed his task. The friends just sat there for a minute. Mr. BRUTE's reply to the fake phone call wasn't what *any* of them were expecting. What did

he mean, 'they won't be missed'?

Ame shook his head. Cryptic phone calls could wait, they had vengeance to serve.

5 minutes later...

Everyone was all set up and ready for action. They didn't have to wait long. In the darkness, a piercingly bright rectangle of light came from the dorm castle. The door shut, and a smaller beam of light clicked on. Operation 'BOOT the BRUTE' was a go.

America gave the signal, and Poland flew silently through the air. He sailed into one of the open dorm windows and disappeared, going in to lock the door, and prepare for the young nations' retreat. Once he was out of sight, Germany ran over to BRUTE, invisible of course, and tapped his shoulder. He narrowly dodged the teacher's swinging hand, and got out of the way. When BRUTE turned, he saw a sight that set his blood boiling.

A familiar cocky silhouette sassily leaned on a tree in the corner of his beam. However, when the big man swiveled the light around to fully illuminate the form, all that was captured in the beam was the knotted tree. BRUTE blinked in confusion.

All of a sudden, something bolted through the bushes behind him. He spun around and took chase, crashing through small trees and plants. He caught sight of a generic looking sneaker before it disappeared, leaving him to trip on a rock, hit a tree, and fall into the river.

Unbeknownst to the infuriated man, Japan's friend, Pheonix, had just started the video, capturing the previous seconds with their high-tech night-vision camera.

Mr. BRUTE howled in anger and frustration. He heard a cocky laughter, ringing through the courtyard, and seeming to come from everywhere at once. He stood up in the colder than normal river, his attire soaking wet, and screamed out what he thought was an intimidating challenge.

Unfortunately, the river that Russia had purposely chilled did it's job at making the big bully freeze, and his numbed lips could only utter an idiotic-sounding, "IBBA GODE GET CHU! CHU AWE DED BEOBLE WALGING!"

Snickers could be heard all around him, further maddening him. He roared and charged like a bull, forgetting that he was in a river, and slipping heavily on the muddy banks, and crashing into a leaf pile. When he rose up, chuckles turned into guffaws of laughter. Mr. BRUTE was dripping wet, shivering, covered in mud and leaves, and as if a crown of achievement for the hidden pranksters, was wearing two twigs on his head, that stuck up like antlers.

He stumbled around, trying to yell with a through clogged with river mud and leaf matter. He finally found pavement, and stumbled on it relieved. It was short lived, as a triumphant Ame swooped in from the sky on eagle wings, and booted him in the rear into the fountain. Mr. BRUTE rocketed forwards from the momentum, and had a fraction of a second to prepare before getting slammed in the nether regions on one of Pangaea's knees.

The large man made a noise like a dying tongueless chicken who was fifty years old, and plopped into the fountain with a splash.

Pheonix ended the video and gave it to Japan, who quickly sent him back on the other side of the wall. The countries ran away giggling, Japan holding the camera like a trophy as they sprinted to the plant ladder that Canada had grown for the event.

BRUTE surfaced, spitting out dirty water and even dirtier words. He was hopping mad, and out for blood. Although he was no longer covered with leaves and dirt, he was still frigid with wet water. He tripped his way out of the fountain, cursing and blind in the pitch black night, having lost his flashlight in the river somewhere.

He padded towards the dorm door, his night sight getting better. He put a hand on the knob.

Locked.

Of course they locked the door, those gosh-darned kids! He tried to

take his hand off of the knob, but it resisted before releasing his palm. His scowl deepened. A cold wind, or *something* blew against his bared neck. He growled in annoyance, but froze when a harsh, grating, *icy* voice suddenly spoke from behind him.

"Hello Mr. BRUTE..."

Mr. BRUTE stumbled away from the horrible noise, his back now pressed up against the door. His breathing quickened, and he rapidly looked from side to side, trying to discern the source of the noise.

"Whats the matter Mr. BRUTE? Afraid of getting a taste of your own medicine?"

A horrible chuckling sound followed this last sentence. Mr. BRUTE's eyes widened in fear as icy claw-like fingers gripped his throat. He felt a warm liquid trickle down the inside of his pants, and almost felt relief at the warmth on his frigid body before he realized what it was.

*"You've messed up big time Mr. BRUTE... **BIG. TIME.**"*

"I-I-I-I d-d-don't kn-know wh-wh-what y-y-y-y-you're t-talking about s-s-sir!"

He cursed himself. He sounded like Mr. PEACE for crying out loud! Which incidentally, he was also doing.

The horrible figure pressed against him again, sharp and spiky all over with eyes that glowed with heat.

*"I think you **do** know what I'm talking about..."*

Mr. BRUTE's breath hitched in his throat as the grip tightened.

*"Let's make one thing very, **very**, clear..."*

The icy figure suddenly yanked him off the wall, still holding the teacher's throat, and slammed him into the ground once, twice, thrice... Mr. BRUTE lost count.

"Never touch him again, do you hear???"

Mr. BRUTE whimpered, and the figure punctuated him next words by slamming his fists into the man's face.

"NEVER!"

Slam!

"TOUCH!"

Slam!

"MY!!!"

SLAM!!

"AMERICA!"

SLAM!!!

"AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!"

POW!!!

Mr. BRUTE skidded from the force of that last punch and hit the side of the fountain, small cracks forming from the place of impact on the wall where he now laid brokenly. Blood dribbled out of his mouth, and nose. He was unconscious when the figure de-iced himself and stumbled on the ground, panting heavily from the physical exertion. The figure picked up a furry hat, and walked over to the teacher, kicking his in the groin while he was still out of it, earning a groan of pain. The figure bent over, and placed a card with dark printed letters on it.

Y O U H A V E B E E N W A R N E D . . .

10 minutes later...

Russia stumbled into Japan and Ukraine's dorm room, taking care to be quiet. He walked into the main room, where all of his friends were sleeping. He took in the sight slowly.

Japan was curled up on South Korea, both of them leaning against the side of the couch, and covered by a blanket.

Ukraine had fallen asleep on the couch with her head resting on Canada's shoulder, who in turn was resting his head upon her's.

Germany was laid out on the other side of the couch. Poland sitting besides him, having spread his wings over the sleeping German before falling asleep himself.

America was...

*Where **was** America?*

Russia's eyes widened, searching the room. 'Did he get inside? Is he still in the courtyard?'

His thoughts were interrupted by a hug around his waist. He looked down swiftly and saw two familiar white and red arms.

"Hey Russ..." Ame whispered, so as not to wake their sleeping friends.

"*Hey Ame."* Russia whispered back, his face turning a bit red.

"I can't sleep 'cause I already had a nap today," He paused and chuckled, *"Do you wanna watch 'The Princess Bride' with me?"*

Russia had never heard of the movie, and thought it sounded a bit girly. However, he wanted to spend time with the American, so he agreed.

They got onto a bed in one of the other rooms, and watched it together. They had a blanket on, and were cuddled up to each other. When the movie ended, Russia didn't even make it 10 seconds into the end credits before falling asleep hugging Ame. America smiled.

"You must be tired from beating that guy up, huh?"

America had snuck onto the balcony to see what all the commotion was about, and had seen Russia beating the ever-living daylights

out of the teacher. He had been a little freaked out at the yandere-like attitude of his friend, but at the same time, extremely touched that the Russian cared so much. Russia never really let others in on his feelings, and so it came as a little surprise to him that Russia cared that much about him. He resolved to not tell the Russian that he had seen him, figuring that it would embarrass and trouble the other to no end. America would respect that Russia didn't want him to know how he felt about him, and just hope that one day, and hopefully soon, the Russian would let him know.

America yawned and snuggled up to Russia's large chest. Finally falling asleep, the dorm echoed with the sounds of peacefully sleeping countries as they explored dreamland.

Elsewhere...

A gust of wind blew through an open window, making the person within shiver and huddle into their covers...

It just so happened to blow a single piece of paper out of a red-marked file and off of the desk where it once laid...

The paper flew through the window, and into the night, looping around trees and dancing through the courtyard, now lit in a silvery light from the moon, which had finally come out from behind the clouds...

The wind carried the page into another open window, where it smacked onto counter, and got caught underneath a textbook...

The sleeping countries continued to dream next to their loved ones, wholly unaware that this night was to be one of the last normal nights they will have for Pangaea knows how long...

A/N: 2437 words! Also, I was feeling poetic, and wanted to tease you guys a little. Who's paper was it? What does it say? Why was the folder marked in red? Whose room did it blow into? Jk, pretty sure we all know the answer to that last one... Also, what do you guys think of Mr. BRUTE's answer to the phone call? Pretty cryptic, huh? And speaking of the poor guy,

was the beating he got too harsh? I'm not sure... Anyway, I'd LOVE to hear your book theories, if you have any! Thank you! ;). Well, one more thing. FYI, when I say the word count, that doesn't include the author note. Right now I'm at 2500 some words, so Imma gonna stop now...

Chapter Nine: What is it?

A/N: After this chapter, POV's will shift a lot more. I just wanted to give each of the main characters the spotlight for a bit and experiment with which personality I could write better. If you guys have any preferences, or suggestions, please let me know! :)

Poland's POV

I'm running for my life, hopping over barbed wire and trenches, dodging corpses on the ground, and trying my best not to throw up. My broken wings flutter uselessly behind me, too broken even to flap and give me that extra burst of speed I so desperately need. I stumble on a used bombshell and go crashing down, ending up staring at the gruesome face of a dead soldier. The grinning mask of death leered at me, seeming to speak to the darker recesses of my mind.

'You can't keep this up forever, look at you!'

I knew that my mind was playing tricks on me, and that I desperately needed to get out of there now, but I spared a glance down at my trembling figure.

My clothing was torn and ragged, blood smears and ashy swirls the only color visible. My body was broken and bruised, my wings were filthy, full of dirt, grime, blood, and ash.

The soldier was right.

I couldn't keep this up for much longer.

I heard a crashing noise from behind me, and the sounds of fire, screaming, and guns came closer.

'CRAP,' I thought panicked, 'I wasted too much time here, I need to go!'

As soon as I started moving again, my weak body crashed once again

down to the earth. I panted heavily, and tried again, but the adrenaline that had kept me going had run out, and my exhaustion was creeping up on me. I frantically looked for a place to hide, but on the wide plain of death, there was no escape from eventual discovery.

Too late.

An army vehicle pulled up behind me, and two men jumped out, one with a red face with a white circle and a black swastika. He grinned at me, shark-like teeth glinting in the hazy light from the cloud-covered sun. But my fear was mostly directed at his silent companion. A monstrously tall man with a tall, rectangular face. He had no visible mouth, and the only emotion that could be discerned from his face was to be found in his eyes.

His cold, glittering black, eyes...

I felt myself falling into their void, I screamed and flapped my wings, reaching out for help, falling...

falling.....

falling.....

I bolted upright from the couch, eyes dripping with tears, my wings shivering. I hugged my self and cried.

'It was only a dream, only a dream, only a dream...'

I was dimly aware of a pain in my wings from being forced in an awkward position, they pressed into someone laying beside me, who sat up and moved them into a more comfortable position. I continued to rock myself back and forth, crying silently.

Two arms wrapped around me, and I flinched, before turning and crying into their shoulder. They rubbed my back, which calmed me down. I breathed easier and stopped shaking so much.

"Poland, are you okay?" Germany asked me.

"I'm o-okay n-now..." I weakly replied.

"Do you vant me to make some breakvast for you?"

"Th-that would b-be nice..."

He patted my head and got up. I missed his warmth. Ugh, I'm such a wimp, why can't I find the courage to tell him my feelings? I sighed, and reluctantly got up from the couch, stepping over the snuggled Japan and South Korea, who were still asleep. I started to pack my things into my schoolbag.

A smelled wafted it's way into the kitchen, a savory smell of...

"AAAWWW YEAAA BREEAAKFAAAST!" Ame came hurtling into the room, Russia trailing behind him, literally. Ame had a death grip on his hand, and somehow dragged him into the area. He was half asleep, a blanket still wrapped around him. Everyone woke up at the loud American's noise.

Canada seemed pretty used to it by now, he woke up and stretched as if it was normal to have a crazy America run into the room, raving about breakfast. Everyone else though, was unpleasantly surprised. Japan hissed, and covered her ears with her tail.

"America-kun, why are you being so loud..." She peeked open one of her eyes, then sat up with a lenny face. "Why were you two in the bedroom together?"

Ame blushed, and Russia growled, wrenching his hand away from America, and promptly falling back asleep in the middle of the floor. We all stared at him for a while.

"I-It's not like *that*, Japan! Honest!"

Japan looked disappointed and sighed. "I figured. You wouldn't be so energetic if it had happened..."

Ame was now scarlet. "What's that supposed to mean???"

"IT MEANS YOU'RRRE A BOTTOM, AME" Russia suddenly spoke up from the floor, pointing at America, who was gaping, before dropping to the ground like a dead fish.

I was incredulous. "Is, is he asleep again?"

A loud snore came from the country on the floor, as if in answer to my country.

"My bad," Said Ame, "I made him stay up late watching a movie with me."

Japan perked up again. "Ooh! *That's* romantic!"

Germany walked into the room. "BREAKVAST IST READY!!!" He was holding a pan of sausages, wurst, to be specific.

America looked approvingly at the sizzling meat. "Not too bad, my friend..."

"Not *too* bad? Vhat then do *you* eat for breakvast?"

America brightened up. "I'll show you!" He got out his phone and pulled up an image.

"This is what y'all think I eat?" He pointed at a picture.

[image]

(Image not mine)

We nodded. "More or less." I said.

He grinned. "Nah, *this* is a *true* America breakfast!"

[image]

(Image also not mine)

"*Dude.*" Said South Korea, disbelief in his voice.

Germany face palmed. "Vell, no matter vhat your breakvast ist, let's eat!"

We all agreed to that.

Most of us sat around the table, talking about last night, and joking

around. Everyone had wurst, even America put a plate of it in front of Russia. It disappeared when nobody was looking. I was happy, very happy. I was safe, surrounded by friends and people who cared about me. When we finished breakfast, we all bustled around the room, packing for our school day.

Apparently Russia was already dressed and packed.

We're not quite sure how he does it.

Probably Slav magic.

I reached for my textbook on the counter. Germany had helped show me how to use the color coded system for the pages. I smiled at the memory. When I grabbed it though, a sheet of paper fluttered down to the ground. I stared at it in confusion, and picked it up.

"Guys... You need to come see this..."

They walked over to me, not joking any more. The serious tone in my voice had probably alerted them that something was wrong. They stared at the paper. Finally, Russia spoke up, voicing what everyone was undoubtedly thinking.

"Wherrre did you get that?"

"I-I don't know!" I said, "I'm just as confused as you are! It was under my textbook."

Germany walked to the open window. "It must have flown in from outside."

"What is it though?" Said Canada.

We all looked it over.

There was a picture of a kid on the front, just a normal school picture. I would have thought it was a teacher's file or something, but on the picture, there was a big red X, and a note in red on the side. It read:

First success in the project. Must analyze process further.

Below the kid's picture was some information about him. He had lightning powers, was about 5'6, male...

"I don't remember seeing him yesterday." Said Ukraine.

"But ve didn't see everybody at the school, just a few kids..." Germany chimed in.

"I wonder what that red X means..." I said. "And what's this 'project' the note is talking about?"

"I don't like it." Announced Ame. "I've had a feeling ever since that speech, and the phone call, that something is wrong about this place."

Japan nodded. "I agree with America-kun."

Germany spoke up next, evaluating and analyzing the situation rationally, as per usual. "Vell, ve need to get to class. How about we file this away, and kome back to it later. A lunch time, we kan meet up in Japan and Ukraine's room again and discuss this further."

We all nodded, shell-shocked.

I got a bad feeling in my gut.

'Something isn't right here...'

A/N: 1365 words, I think. I had to subtract from the previous author note, and, yeah. See you later!

Chapter Ten: Pangaea's Keyfinders

As the sun shone over the academy, students and teachers alike stopped what they were doing to watch a broadcast that had hacked into the school's devices.

It showed a certain teacher getting his just desserts.

Laughter filled the school halls as the students watched the video, seeing the comical sight of a large, burly man standing knee-deep in river water, tripping and thrashing and screaming unintelligible nonsense as he flailed around wildly. Covered in mud and leaves and having what looked like antlers, the figure stumbled around, raving. Eventually, it looked like the figure had jumped or something into the fountain, landing in an unfortunate position, in an unfortunate place.

Everybody knew who the teacher was, and that made it even funnier, because even the teachers themselves had the fellow pegged as a bully and a nuisance. No one was brave enough to stand up against him though, so his tyranny ran virtually unchecked.

Until now.

Whoever these pranksters were, they were heroes for staff and students alike.

Only one man wasn't in the least amused by their efforts.

That man lay sulking on a couch, bandages wrapped all around him, giving him the appearance of a mummy. He glared at his screen. He couldn't even watch tv because of that blasted video!

He growled angrily and got up to get a bag of chips.

He tripped and yowled in pain, screaming profanities and cursing the birth of his tormentors, scaring away the mice that were munching on said bag of chips. A random teacher walked through the hall, stopping and frowning at the excessive commotion coming from the room. They lifted a hand to knock, paused, and shrugged before walking away.

After all, it wasn't their problem.

Russia's POV

The rest of the day went fairly normally. Well, sort of. Mr. BRUTE wasn't there for power training class, so we had a free period. We hung out together, and Reonelles and Cayanes avoided us. I kept an eye on them. It looked like they were planning something. At least Reo was. Cay mostly just followed him around with a stupid look on his face. The rest of the gang told me what happened yesterday at lunchtime, and I guessed they were looking for revenge.

Right now I was taking a break from socializing, and just sat on a bench watching my friends. Canada was whispering something to Japan and Poland, while Ukraine, Germany, and South Korea were talking about the weird file we found the other day. I looked at America.

He was grinning widely, and practicing his shapeshifting. His sunglasses glinted in the sunlight as he morphed himself into several different animals. He told me once that he could morph into objects too, but that it was *way* harder. I can imagine. I found myself looking at his sunglasses again.

I kinda wished they were off.

I like his eyes. The flashing colors and constant changing is so interesting to watch. I bet I could stare at them forever without ever getting bored.

But that would be weird.

Speaking of weird, I noticed Canada creeping up on Ame, holding something in his hand, and shushing the others who were stifling giggles. I raised an eyebrow at his strange actions.

Ame had stopped morphing randomly, and was focusing on morphing into something else. I couldn't tell if he was successful or not, because Canada shoved something in his face and scared him.

It was a kinder egg surprise.

I couldn't help but laugh at Ame's reaction. His faced went from a serious concentration, to a look of utmost horror and fear. He screamed shrilly, and booked it. Running around the courtyard with a laughing Canada hot on his tail. Everyone else was dying of laughter. Even Germany, who normally is pretty serious, was rolling on the ground in tears. I chuckled, then my eyes widened sharply as America suddenly crashed into me.

"HELP ME RUSSIA!!! IT'S GONNA KILL ME TO DEATH!!!!!"

I stood and picked him up, and he clung to my neck, screaming and crying in fear. Canada came to a halt in front of me. I rolled my eyes and grabbed the kinder egg surprise.

"Amerrika, therrre is nothing to be afrraid of. It's just chocolate." He stopped whimpering and looked at me fearfully.

"See? I'll prrrove it." I popped the chocolate in my mouth. Ame squirmed out of my hold and onto the ground. He looked at me with doubt.

I swallowed.

Or at least, I tried.

But something had gotten lodged in my throat, and I started choking.

Canada froze up and stared at me in shock. I fell to my knees and started hacking. I was panicking. I had forgotten that there was a toy inside of a kinder surprise egg, and now I was paying for it. Spots swam in my vision, clouding my sight.

America jumped up, and went behind me, grabbing me around from the back, and squeezing tightly. I always forget that he was actually pretty darn strong. The toy shot from my mouth and onto

the ground in front of me. I gasped for air. America patted my back.

"And that, is why I don't like kinder eggs."

I started to shakily laugh. The others did too. I stood up and hugged America. He gave a cute squeak of surprise. Something on his head moved, and I held him out from me, my hands under his arms. He looked at me, red in the face and very confused.

"Amerrrika, vhat is on yourr head?" My Russian accent came out thicker than normal, twisting my w's into v's.

"Whaddya mean what's on my head?"

There, something twitched again. And something else waved at me from behind him. My vision cleared up a little more.

Oh. He was just in one of his half-forms again. a half-cat, like Japan. He had cute little ears, and a tail that was twitching behind him in annoyance. He had a couple more cat-like features, but not too many. The ears and tail though...

They were so cute.

I want to pet them so bad.

He tilted his head, still confused. "Uh, Ruski...? Can you, uh...set me do-"

The head tilt was too much for me. I sat back down on the bench and put him on my lap like a cat, petting his fluffy ears. He turned red as the stripes on his flag. I heard him try to stifle his purring, probably something that came along with having other attributes of a cat.

The bell rings. It's time for the next class.

I sigh and put Ame down. He is flustered, and I tease his by ruffling his head.

He hisses.

I laugh.

He smiles and rolls his eyes, and we walk off towards our next class, still teasing and joking with each other.

At lunch time...

We all get lunch, then head back to Japan's dorm where we discuss our next plan of action. Poland puts the sheet of paper we found in the middle of the table, and we sit and stare at it, each of us lost in our own thoughts. Germany broke the silence.

"Vell, ve should probably try to figure out who used to have it, and who that boy is." He says while pointing at the picture.

Ame surprised us all by speaking next. "There is an online yearbook with pictures of all of the kids and teachers on it. It has their names, grades, and pictures. We can use that to identify the 'victim' or whatever he is, and then print out a sheet of pictures of all of the school staff, and even some of the younger suspects. Then we can check off who we prove innocent as we go. Even though I have a hunch this was probably done by an adult. The paper looks pretty official, like a file a teacher would have... only..."

"Only it's way too weird and cryptic to actually *be* official." I finished for him.

Germany looked impressed. "That's... actually a pretty decent idea Ame. I agree, that sounds like a good place to start."

We all started to work, researching the online yearbook, and copying down the staff's names and pictures. We didn't want to risk printing at the school, because someone would probably see it, or the record would be traceable to us.

"Hey guys, we should probably give these meetings a code name, so nobody catches on, and, y'know, we'll sound cool." Ame said excitedly.

"Sure. What would you suggest Ame-kun?" Said Japan.

"Well, I'd say this school is pretty mysterious. Kinda like a... school

of secrets." Ame mused.

"So if we are looking to 'unlock' the mystery at Pangaea Academy..." I jumped in.

"We could call ourselves..." He caught on to what I was getting at. I then finished saying what everyone was now thinking.

"...Pangaea's Keyfinders"

A/N: 1454 words. I couldn't really think of a cool club name. Also, it seems to me that South Korea has snuck his way in to being a main character. Should I update the character sheet? I probably will, later on. This was just another filler chapter. Some fluff. I'll probably do one more fluffy chapter for Germany and Poland since it hasn't really happened yet. I'm still trying to stick with the emotionally-awkward Germany I characterized at the beginning, so that's why not a lot of gerpol has happened yet. Also, I forgot about this, but I drew a super rough sketch of Ame with wings. Do you want to see it? If you do, please no hate, it took me a while, and I'm very shy about artwork. Have a great day y'all, and thanks for reading! <3

Chapter Eleven: Fiery Passion

[image]

A/N: My 'eh' drawing. I think it looks better irl but I tried my best to edit it.

Poland's POV

Germany and I worked on copying down the pictures and information of the staff. Japan helped us with drawing the pictures. I stole a glance at Germany. He had a serious expression on his face, and the light from the window glanced off of his glasses. He noticed me staring and looked up.

"Do you need something Poland?"

"Yeah, you." I said flirtatiously. Japan giggled, and Germany turned to face me.

"Uh, sure. Vhat do you vant me to do?"

Japan and I facepalmed. Germany just looked confused at our reaction. He shrugged and turned back to work. I sighed. Japan tugged on my arm, and I took the cue to leave the room with her.

We went out of earshot of the others, I assumed she wanted to tell me something she didn't want everyone else to hear.

"Poland, do you have a crush on Germany?" She said bluntly.

"Yeah, but I don't think he likes me back!" I vented. I was pretty frustrated, I felt like I was making my crush pretty clear, but it seemed that he didn't really share the feelings that I had for him. I sighed dejectedly, and Japan patted my shoulder.

"I think he does like you back, but he is too shy to say it. You should tell him directly what you think about him!"

"That's a great idea Japan!" I felt more confident with her support. "Can you help me out?"

"Of course Poland-kun! I'd love to help!"

We shook on it, and walked back into the room. Germany was still diligently working, his face scrunched in concentration. It was cute. Japan whispered in my ear.

"Go up to him and ask to hang out with him in the garden. I'll make you guys a dinner!"

I nodded and walked up to Germany nervously. He looked up at me questioningly.

"Hey, um, Germany...do you want to, um, hang out in the courtyard for dinner with me?"

He blinked in surprise. "Vhy, sure Poland. I vould love to."

"Great! I'll see you there!"

"Just one question."

Oh no. He's going to ask me why, isn't he? Oh man, I'm not quite ready for this yet!

"Vhat time?"

I repressed a sigh of relief. "Oh! Of course! Um, how about 6:30? Does that work for you?"

"...Poland...Ve have the same schedules. If it vorks for you, it vill vork for me."

I flushed. "Oh, yeah! I forgot!"

He laughed, something that rarely happened. It sounded nice. I wanted to make him laugh like that even more.

The bell ring for our next class broke me out of my dreaming. I jumped, startled by the sudden loud noise.

"Vell, see you then Poland."

"Y-yeah. See ya."

After school...

I walked with Japan to the garden/courtyard. She talked to me while I carried a basket and a picnic blanket. I didn't know what was in the basket, because she had packed it, but she assured me it would be really romantic.

"Okay Poland-kun! I picked out the perfect spot for your date!"

"It's not a- nnggh" Who am I kidding? It totally was.

"Under this cherry blossom tree! It's romantic and pretty, and in a lot of my mangas, the couples share a dinner under this kind of tree!" She continued talking about her mangas and animes with trees. I was only half listening, spreading out the blanket. I started to open the basket, but Japan slapped my hand away.

"No peeking Poland-kun! It's a surprise!"

"Why do I have a bad feeling about this?"

"I don't know silly! It's all perfectly harmless! Well..."

"Well what?"

"Nothing!It's nothing! Have a great date!" She sang out as she pranced away, her tail swishing excitedly. I sighed.

"Guten tag, Polen."

I screamed and turned around, memories flashing through my head. I was shaking in fear. Standing in front of me was-

Oh. Just Germany.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Germany looked flustered.

"Oh! I-I'm so sorry, Poland! I, wasn't thinking... Aagh, I just ruined this. I-I should leave..." He turned around sadly. I remembered that

he is overcritical on himself, especially when it comes to social advances.

"No! Don't leave! It's okay. Really."

He turned, bright red in embarrassment. He looked almost like-

'No, I'm not going there. Tonight is *our* night. *He* has no place in this.'

I smiled over my thoughts, Germany sat down on the blanket. We talked for a while, joking around and enjoying each other's company.

'This is going really well! Nothing can ruin this night now!'

3rd person's POV

Tonight was an open-yard night. That meant that from 6:00 to 9:30, students could enjoy the Academy's courtyard and garden, studying, eating, or hanging out with friends. The two friends under the cherry blossom tree sat now in silence, watching the sun set.

It painted a majestic picture in the sky. Orange and pink hues dappling the clouds, while a dusky violet stole it's way across the sky, getting closer and closer to the retreating sunlight. The sun itself was a gorgeous scarlet color, just setting behind a hill in the distance. The after glow lit up the courtyard in beauty, and the castle-like spires and walls of the academy gave the scene a medieval look. As the shadows crept around the courtyard, the big bright moon came out from behind one of the school's towers. It was a full moon, illuminating the courtyard brighter as the sun's glow left the sky. Stars began to come out one by one, the birds grew silent, and crickets and other night-creatures called out in their different ways, conversing with each other as their day began.

Poland turned from the beauty, and rummaged around in the basket. They were both hungry, and curious to see the contents of the basket. There were two sandwiches, speared by a toothpick, the opposing end lodged in an olive. Also in the basket was a garden salad, two tall candles, silverware, cups, rolls, and anything else

they could possibly want to eat on their 'date'.

Germany lit the candles, their soft glow gently casting light on the two of them. Poland set out the meal, and the two ate.

"Pretty night, huh?" Said Poland around a mouth full with sandwich.

Germany nodded, staring intently at Poland, making the other rather uncomfortable.

"Japan packed the meal, It's pretty good..."

Before he could say anything further, Germany cut in.

"Poland, I'd hate to interrupt you, but Iv'e been vondering something. Vhy are ve here?"

Poland chuckled nervously, fiddling with his hands as he struggled to find an answer to the question.

"Uh, we walked..."

"That's not vhat I meant, and you know it."

Poland exhaled loudly. "It's just," He took a deep breath in preparation. "Whenever I see you, my heart hurts-"

"Vhat??" Germany sat up straight, alarmed. He crawled quickly over to Poland and but his hand on his heart, making the Slavic country blush bright red. "Are you okay? Does it hurt?"

Poland pushed the hand away. "N-no, that's- that's not what I meant-"

"Do ve need to go to the school nurse? She might know vhat to do. Vhy didn't you tell me sooner-"

"GERMANY. STOP."

The other faltered, very confused. Poland put his hands on the other's shoulders.

"I'm fine. I'm just trying to say...to say..."

"To say vhat?"

"...screw it."

Poland leaned in and kissed Germany. Germany's eyes went wide in shock, but he closed them and kissed back.

If the two could hear more than their hearts pumping loudly, they would have heard a squeal quickly being shushed from the tree, where a certain neko and her boyfriend were hiding out, spying on the two below.

Japan grabbed some blossom petals, and showered them slowly on them. Unfortunately, one of the petals caught fire in the candle light, and spread onto some of the slightly used napkins, where it fanned into a larger flame.

"Oops..." Japan's fear of fire overcame her logic, and she yanked South Korea out of the tree with her, the two of them tumbling down the small hill it was on. She ran off, practically dragging the only person who could quickly stop the fire before it spread.

Poland and Germany broke off the kiss, startled by the noise. Their eyes widened when they saw the growing fire.

"Ahh! Germany! What are we going to do??"

"Don't vorry Polen! I've got this!" Germany grabbed a bottle of liquid that was near the salad, and threw it on the flame.

"WAIT! Germany! Don't-"

Too late, the oil dressing fell on the fire, blowing the fire way out of proportion to it's current fuel source. The basket and blanket were engulfed by flames. Poland pulled Germany back, and they too fell down the hill, landing in a position the neko would have fangirled over, had there not been the whole problem of the picnic catching fire. Poland flapped his wings, trying in vain to blow out the fire. It only made it worse. Yelling was heard from the school's hallway, and the two looked at each other, before sprinting off towards the

safety of the dorms.

They ran into their dorm and slammed the door, both panting heavily. They looked at each other and started laughing hysterically.

Eventually they stopped, and Poland spoke up. "I'm sorry Niemcy, this date was a disaster."

"No, it vasn't."

Poland looked confused. "But the dinner was ruined, and the whole thing went up in flames! LITERALLY!!!"

Germany laughed again. "Vell, yes, but it vas the most fun I've ever had in my life! I can't believe I threw salad dressing at the fire! I could have easily stomped it out!" The two of them laughed again. "And, and don't forget the sunset!That vas beautiful! I would have never seen it, if you hadn't invited me out!"

Poland smiled.

"And I would have never found the courage to tell you my feelings, or have found that you feel the same towards, me."

Poland hugged Germany. "Then tonight was a success! I'm so happy right now! I love you Germany!"

"I love you too, Poland."

The two hugged and laughed, talking about their crazy night.

Meanwhile, a certain janitor was finding yet another mess in the courtyard. They huffed, and put out the fire, quite annoyed. After cleaning up as much as he could, he walked back, muttering something about his job, crazy kids, and needing to retire.

As he left, The moon shone down on the cherry blossom tree, illuminating a scorch mark on the tree.

It was in the shape of a heart.

A/N: 1695 words. Here's some gerpol fluff for you guys!! I love this date, if some guy took me out on something like this, I would have the time of my life. I enjoyed describing the sunset, that was fun. Thanks for reading!!!

Chapter Twelve: Ari and the Keyfinders

3rd person's POV

America naruto ran through the hallways, his bag thumping on his back as he dodged students and teachers alike. He kept mumbling to himself, 'I AM SPEED', for he was late to the Keyfinders meeting. He rounded a corner, and crashed into a janitor that was cleaning the floor. The man was surprised, and the two just stared at each other for a while. The janitor had a half and half face like Poland, but with a light green on the top, and a bright canary yellow on the bottom. The janitor got up, dusted off his hands and overalls, and reached down a hand to the dazed American.

America smiled gratefully, deciding to talk to the janitor. After all, the poor guy got constantly overlooked in the school, and not receiving attention was America's worst nightmare.

"Hey dude! Th'names America. Sorry I ran into ya."

The janitor was pleasantly surprised at the outgoing boys cheerfulness. He grinned, and shook the hand that the boy had stuck out to him.

"Nice t'meetcha 'Merica! M'name's Ari. Where're ya goin' young'un?"

America flashed a bright smile. "Oh, to a meeting with my friends!"

"A meetin' for what? If ya don' mind me askin'."

"W-well, we're like a...detective club! Yeah! A junior detectives club! Uh, anyway, I'm late to the meeting, I gotta go. See you later Mr. Ari!!!" The boy said the last part as he naruto ran through the hallway again.

Ari sighed, and leaned wistfully on his mop. "Oh, t'be young again..."

Still 3rd person's POV

The Keyfinders were in Japan and Ukraine's dorm to discuss a plan of action. They sat around the table, which had been designated as the official 'meeting table', and snacked on some cookies that the girls had made for the meeting. In the middle of the table, the completed checklist of suspects laid. The young nations were in the middle of discussing any clues they picked up in the day so they could write them down by the names, or even cross out innocent suspects.

"Well, right now we have 22 suspects on the list, including those jerks, Cay and Reo." Japan said. "Anyone have any information to share?"

Germany lifted his hand, the other being a bit busy holding Poland's hand. Japan called on him.

"Vell, I think ve can all agree that *if* Reo is in on vhatever this is, Cay ist too. But!" He said abruptly, cutting off some murmurs, "Cay *cannot* be the mastermind behind this."

"Why not?" Asked Canada.

"He is just too dumb to actually come up vith something."

Russia banged his fist on the table, snarling. "It could be a false coverrr!"

Germany nodded. "True."

Canada spoke up. "How aboot we get someone to talk to him? An interrogation of sorts."

"Ve'd have to distract Reo..." Germany replied.

"I can do it!" Cried out America. "He hates me anyways! I can challenge him to a duel in power training class!"

Russia shook his head, a slightly worried expression on his face.

"Het, Amerrika. You could get hurrrt again."

America scowled and crossed his arms. "I'm not a baby Russia! I only lost to BRUTE because he tricked me, and cause he is older, and probably had more experience using and controlling his powers! I can hold off a kid for a while! Even Canada did it!"

Canada looked confused. "What do you mean by 'even I could do it'?"

America turned quickly. "Nothing, bro, don't worry about it." He turned to Russia again. "I'm sure I could handle it!"

Ukraine cut in. "And even if he couldn't, I could give him an edge in battle by shining light in Reo's eyes to blind him for a bit!"

Germany nodded. "Okay, then that's settled. If Cay is in it, Reo is too. Cay is very probable to let something slip out, so if he spills, we can suspect both of them. Anything else?"

Canada suddenly remembered something, and spoke up next, urgently capturing the rest of the Keyfinder's attention. "Yes! Today I was walking through the garden, and the plants were all screaming about some evil arsonist who set a whole hill on fire!! It could be Reo! He has fire manipulation, remember?!?" He said this wildly, but calmed down a little. "I mean, the flowers like to exaggerate, but still! Even the trees were talking about it! What monster would do this?!?"

Germany and Poland slowly shared a look, and guiltily looked down, a blush on both of their cheeks. Japan leaned over and sat Canada down, for he had stood up in his excitement.

"Um... We- uh, we already know about that... It's not anything suspicious. Trust me."

Germany and Poland looked up sharply. Suspicion creasing their brows. Germany squinted "Vhat vould you know about that..."

Japan sprung up. "Nothing Germany-kun! Absolutely nothing!"

"Anyway," America said, reaching for more cookies. "On the way

here I ran into the janitor, Mr. Ari. I think we can pretty much clear him of suspicion. He's a really nice guy. I talked to him a while. After we deal with Reo and Cay, we can talk to him, PEACE, and maybe even BRUTE. Although I hear that guy hasn't recovered yet from...being jumped by that hoodlum the other day in the city...*or say they said*..." He said that last part quietly, so only he and Russia could hear it. He looked slyly at Russia, who flushed red.

"Why wait?" Said Ukraine. "Let's go find him now!"

"Okay. Meeting adjourned!" Japan ended the Keyfinders meeting and they left to go find Mr. Ari. Russia and Canada pried America from the plate of cookies.

"NUUUUUUUUUU MA TRUE LOVE!!! LET GO OF ME YOU COOKIE-HATING JERKS!!!"

Russia dropped him suddenly, and the plate of cookies went flying. America dropped to his knees and stared mournfully at the broken cookies. Canada yanked him up. They left the room to follow the others.

5 minutes of searching later...

Mr. Ari was a little surprised to see a posse of kids coming towards him. Most of the time kids just ignored him, or passed him by. Today must have been his lucky day! He grinned as he spotted a familiar American among the group. He stopped sweeping, and leaned on the broom as the kids approached.

"Heya there 'Merica! What'cha got here? Your d'tectives club?"

"Yep!" America said proudly. "Guys, this is Mr. Ari. He's really nice!"

"D'aww, you're makin' me blush! T'warn't nothin'!"

Japan stepped forwards. "If you wouldn't mind Ari-kun, do you have the time to answer a few of our questions?"

"Why sure littl' lady! Anythin' for y'all!" Ari gave a toothy smile, pleased at being noticed by the 'junior detectives' club.

"Have you ever been in the 'faculty room' building? Do you know the place I'm talking about?" Japan started off with the building, as all of the kids agreed that it was the most suspicious. I mean, *please*. You can't just forbid a place to a rowdy group of teens and expect them *not* to go investigate!

Mr. Ari frowned, "Noo, ah can't say ah have. That there place is fer the big-shots. The teachers." He said sadly, adding the last part in response to their confused faces.

"Oh. In that case, what do you think about Mr. PEACE's stutter?"

Mr. Ari perked up again. "Ah! That ah can tellya! Ah thinks it be a speech diffitul- ditti- uh, diculty- uh..." He trailed off for a second, mumbling to himself, his green and yellow face scrunching as he tried to think of the word. "DIFFICUTEY!!!" He said, proudly beaming. The others didn't want to ruin his mood by pointing out the fact that he just *murdered* the pronunciation.

"Well, that's all we need. Thank you Mr. Ari!" Japan said cheerily. The group waved at him, and called out their farewells.

Mr. Ari grinned and waved wildly back. "Ah, whatta nice group of kiddies."

Mr. Ari smiled and turned back to his work, cheerily whistling a tune as he swept the floors of Pangaea's Academy.

A/N: 1292 words. Next chapter will be more of the interrogations. These might be a little boring, but they are essential for picking up clues! Well, they might not be TOO boring. America (with Ukraine's help) is going to fight Reo after all. And someone is going to get *********!!! Scary!!! (Not a swear word, just a spoiler Japan had to censor for me.) What do you guys think about Ari? Nice guy, huh? I like him. Also most of the 'spelling errors' are just me making accents and dialect. Anyway, thanks for reading!!! :)

Chapter Thirteen: Distract and Attack!

3rd person's POV

The next morning the Keyfinders walked down to their first class together. They were discussing their plan. Russia was still not very happy about America and Ukraine going to fight Reonelles, but Ame was dead-set on getting into another fight. He secretly desired to prove himself to his friends after his defeat from Mr. BRUTE, even though the teacher *was* probably more experienced. They walked onto the field, Mr. BRUTE was still 'absent', so they technically had a free period, but they knew that Cay and Reo hung around the area to train/flirt with girls while showing off. That's what the two were doing at the moment, Reo wrestling Cay and pinning him down in a few flashy moves.

Ame winked cockily at Russia, who rolled his eyes, and strode forwards towards Reo.

"DON'T DIE AME-KUN!!!" Shouted Japan. America flushed and scowled at her.

America jogged over to the flexing Reo. Ukraine looked a bit nervous.

"What if Reo won't fight him? What if he catches on?" She questioned Canada, who was holding her hand.

"Don't worry 'Raine, my brother knows what he's doing!" Canada said to her encouragingly. Russia jumped in on their conversation.

"Da, Amerrika is just too annoying forrr Rreo to ignorre him." He chuckled. The rest of the group snuck over to Cay, and pulled the burly country aside.

"Uhh, hiya guys! I'm Cay!" He grinned widely and stuck out his hand, his childish face showing delight at the prospect of making new friends.

'Huh, maybe he's not that bad...' Thought Canada, always ready to see the good side of people. Canada tentatively shook the proffered hand, but Cay yanked him up by his arm.

"H-Hey! p-put me down! That's not very kind of you!" Said Canada, trying to escape the country's grasp. Cay just smiled wider.

"Cay is not going to do that silly country! Cay is having too much fun!"

"Great, now he speaks in third person..." Mumbled the Canadian.

"Huhuhuhuh-AH" Cay had started laughing, but abruptly stopped and dropped Canada when Ukraine came up to him and kicked him in the place where the sun don't shine.

Japan immediately took control of the situation, flattening her ears, baring her teeth, and unsheathing her claws. She narrowed her eyes, and literally hissed at the gasping country, "We have some questions for you, understand?" Cay nodded slowly. "You are going to answer them truthfully, or I am going to slash your face to ribbons. Understand?" Cay nodded again, scared out of his wits.

"Scary kitty..." He mumbled.

Japan paid him no mind, and started with the interrogation.

Meanwhile...

When the rest of the group had started off towards Cay, America had been provoking Reo to a fight. He cut through the group of admirers, eventually gaining the attention of Reo himself. When America finally got to Reo, he was leaning on an obstacle post, arms crossed, waiting.

"What do you want, freak?"

America grinned. Oh this was going to be fun.

He made a concerned face and took off his glasses. Reo flinched at their rapidly changing state, and the crowd backed up.

"Nelly! Don't be so self-deprecating! Here, since I'm such a nice person, I'll take off my glasses so you don't have to stare at your ugly reflection any longer. Is that better?" America said, sounding sincere. His flickering eyes glimmered with amusement, seeming to mock the now scarlet country he was addressing. The crowd backed away even further, whispers and murmurs echoing round. The crowd knew there was going to be a fight.

"W-why y-you little-" Reo sputtered out before America cut him off rudely.

Ame struck a sexy pose as he said flirtatiously, "Cat got your tongue, baby? Or am I just too," He struck out a leg. "~Distracting?" The crowd giggled and laughed at the American's ridiculous antics.

Reo growled, now turning an interesting shade of purple. "I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!!!"

America swaggered his hips as he closed the distance between the two. "I'll fight you honey, but tell me if I'm too rough for you, I won't want to hurt such a delicate little flower like yourself~" He purred.

Reo scoffed, "Beat me? HAH! In your *DREAMS*!"

America put his hands on Reo's shoulders. The crowd that had previously been oohing and aahing over Reo's actions, were now crying from laughing too hard. America put his face up close to Reo's, who clearly felt disgust at the forward actions, and was forced to stare into the other's distracting eyes.

America said seductively over the shouting and laughing of the crowd, "Welcome to my dreams baby~" before flipping Reo over his shoulders and slamming him into the ground, using the momentum from the crash to vault over his dazed body, and even performing a mid-air somersault for the crowd's entertainment. By this point, the interrogation was over, and the rest of the Keyfinders had joined in the crowd.

"Show off..." Said Russia softly, though secretly impressed.

Canada leaned over to Ukraine. "Do you think we should break up the fight? After all, it's unnecessary now that we are done with Cay."

"Nah," Replied Ukraine, "Let him have this. His pride took a big hit when Mr. BRUTE beat him. Plus, I think he's enjoying it."

America had landed gracefully on his feet. He spot his friends in the crowd and gave a cheesy bow. Reo got up silently behind him, and charged.

America side-stepped the assault easily, tripping the running country smartly, causing Reo to meet the ground once more.

"Hey Reo! Quit making out with the dirt and actually fight me!" America taunted, morphing wings and flying in a quick circle around the crowd, slapping hands for high-fives. Always a crowd-pleaser, he had turned the countries who were gushing over Reo's feats, into his own fans as he mercilessly ridiculed the bully.

Reo spat out the dirt in his mouth, and shot a fireball at the American, singeing his wings. America morphed out quickly, tuck and rolling to make his unexpected landing easier.

"That's much better! I knew you could do it!" America suddenly got more serious as he said, "Hey, remember how I said this was my dreams? I was wrong." Reo looked at him confusedly. America's eyes widened, giving an insane smile as he said creepily, "This isn't a dream, this is your ***WORST NIGHTMARE!!!***" America morphed and gave himself bull horns, charging and slamming the other boy to the ground once more.

Reo shakily got up, winded. He looked around for America. Could this horrible fight be over?

A shadow fell over him an he looked up, squinting in the blinding sunlight. America was flying again, with a strange absence of light in a sphere around him, as he hurtled right towards Reo.

BOOM!!!

Reo lay defeated and embarrassed in the dirt. He wanted to go find a hole to die in as his previous fans laughed at his defeat.

America was walking away with his friends, laughing and being his cocky self as per usual.

"I gotta say, that light thing you did was pretty neat Ukraine! Thanks!"

"No problem Ame! It didn't look like you needed any help, so I just gave you some special effects."

America turned to Germany and Poland. "Hey, what did you find from Cay?"

The German shook his head. "Nothing, they're not in any secret society. They're just jerks, plain and simple."

Ame deflated a little. "Aww. That's too bad. Well, at least you guys got to see me totally beat that guy up! Wasn't I great?"

Canada chuckled and patted his brother affectionately. "Yes, you were. And We're all glad to see that you are back to your cocky, prideful, annoying self once more."

America scowled and punched his brother playfully. "Hey! Watch what you say or you'll be the one making out with Mother Nature next!"

"Well, he's not wrrrong..." Said Russia teasingly.

"Shut up Vodka-Man!!!"

The seven friends laughed and joked with each other all the way to their next class.

Wait.

Seven???

Ten minutes ago...

South Korea listened to the blubbering Cay give out answers. As it turned out, the big guy knew nothing about the 'faculty room' or the mysterious boy in the file. He sighed and let his eyes wander around.

A quiet rustling caught his attention, and he looked towards the source of the noise, unconsciously wandering away from his friends, who had finished with Cay and were now watching the fight. Cay had run off to the bathrooms to cry.

South Korea had no idea that he was alone.

Although, he wasn't REALLY alone.

South Korea's neck prickled, he felt like someone was watching him. He kept his eyes trained on the source of the rustling, a berry bush straight in front of him in one of the little mini forests in the garden. He slowly inched closer to the now violently shaking bush.

Something glittered at him from within.

He slowly parted the branches and found...

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...a rabbit.

The rabbit hopped away, scared out of its wits, and South Korea let out a shaky breath that he hadn't known that he was holding in. He laughed to himself.

"Oh, just a rabbit. That scared me pretty badl-"

A hand grabbed him from behind, choking out his next words. A needle stabbed his neck, and he felt dizzy.

"If you think that's scary, you've got a whole 'nother 'think' coming, kid."

South Korea's eyes widened in recognition and he managed to stutter one word out before collapsing into darkness.

"Y-You!"

A/N: 1530 words. Also, (˵ ͡° ͜ʖ ͡°˵), HERE'S WHERE IT STARTS GETTIN' SPICY!!! Sorry for the cliche jump scare thing. I was trying for suspense. Please comment and tell me how I did! :) Who do you think kidnapped SK? Comment your ideas! Thanks for reading!

Chapter Fourteen: The Faculty Room's Secret

3rd person's POV

Oblivious of their missing friend, the seven Keyfinders walked up to Mr. PEACE's office. However, none of them were quite brave enough to barge in without a solid plan on how to portray the questions being asked, so for the time being, they just hung around outside of the office, discussing a plan of action.

"Approaching an adult we think is suspicious is much different than a kid. We need to find a way to question him without him getting suspicious about our investigation." Said Japan.

Germany spoke up next, "If ve pose the question of the 'faculty room' out of curiosity, he vill just tell us to leave it be. How about ve appeal to his principle duties, and say something that he vould be forced to answer." He thought for a second, and got an idea. "Or even get him to show us the room!"

"How would you do that?" Asked Poland.

"If ve tell him that ve saw a student vith a veapon run into the room, then he is required by law to investigate! Ve can tell him ve need to come along because ve saw one of our friends get pulled in to the room by the veapon-holding student!"

"That's not a bad idea. But who would be stupid enough to bring a weapon on campus?" Asked Ukraine.

America's eyes widened, and he turned aside and whistled

innocently. Russia pointed to him.

"That would be Amerrrika, sisterrr. He's got a couple .45's in the rrroom."

Canada looked disapprovingly at his brother. "I thought I told you to leave them at the room! Well, at least you only brought two."

America flushed and shuffled his feet, looking down at them guiltily. "Erm, and an AK-47..."

The rest of the Keyfinders looked at him incredulously.

"Anyway, enough about my bab- I mean, my guns. Let's get in there! We should mostly all go together, just in case he is a power-draining alien," Germany rolled his eyes. America glared a him and continued. "But we should leave someone outside of the room to stand guard!"

"I'll do it." Said Ukraine.

"Okay, let's do it!" Said Japan.

The Keyfinders walked into the office, minus Ukraine of course, and marched up to the desk. Mr. PEACE was working on some files, and looked up at them in surprise. America stepped forwards, the pre-designated actor for the group.

"Mr. PEACE! You gotta help us! P-Please!" America had tears running down his face. He looked like a wreck. Mr. PEACE widened his eyes and looked concerned for the boy.

"Oh m-my! W-what is it, s-sonny?"

"A-A-A-A k-kid with a gun ran into the faculty room with my brother's girlfriend!" Canada looked shocked, but quickly composed himself.

Mr. PEACE looked at the faces of the others. They were trying to mimic the dramatic American's expression, but it didn't quite add up. Mr. PEACE blew out a sigh. "K-kids, if y-you w-were so d-desperate to s-see the f-faculty room, y-you could have j-just said s-

so. H-however, that w-was quite the p-performance, America, w-was it?" America nodded. "Y-you should think about j-joining the d-drama club. Well, I'll go show y-you guys the f-f-faculty r-room."

The Keyfinders looked surprised at being allowed into the forbidden room. They gave each other suspicion filled glances, but their fears were overcome by their curiosity, and they followed the principle. Germany looked around for Ukraine. She wasn't in sight.

'She probably heard America's water-works and his story, and decided to go along with it.'

Germany noticed he was lagging behind the group, and jogged to catch up with them.

He had no idea how wrong he was...

5 minutes later...

Mr. PEACE and the Keyfinders arrived at the faculty room. The kids gathered around the entrance, curious. The principle smiled at them and opened the door...

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...

...to a completely normal faculty room.

The Keyfinders walked inside. It was cozily decorated, with pictures adorning the walls, comfy-looking couches, and even a kitchen in the back of the building. They heard a muffled noise coming from outside, but ignored it, trying to take their opportunity to look around at the forbidden room while they still could. Mr. PEACE motioned for them to take a seat, and they complied, with the exception of Ame, who had run into the kitchen after spying a soft-serve machine. Mr. PEACE chuckled, and waited for the American to return with his creamy prize. Said American sat down on Russia's lap, startling him. Russia was about to shove America off, but before he could, Ame shoved a bite of ice cream in Russia's mouth.

Russia relaxed, bribed with the sweet dessert. They looked up at Mr. PEACE, who was staring at them with a raised eyebrow. Russia turned bright red, and was about to snap at the man, but was stopped by Mr. PEACE speaking.

"S-so, how c-can I help you g-guys."

The Keyfinders started their interrogation, each painfully aware that their key suspicion was debunked. They could not question the man about the phone call or his stutter without severely raising his suspicions, so they progressed the best that they could.

10 minutes earlier

Ukraine watched her friends walk into the office. She heard America start to speak about her being missing, so she decided to get out of the area before anyone spotted her, so she could make his story more believable.

She walked over to the drinking fountain, thirsty and slightly bored. She heard the office door open, and saw her friends walk out after Mr. PEACE. She waited for a minute before following them, making sure to stay out of sight.

As they approached the 'faculty room' Ukraine saw something that made her blood practically freeze in her veins. She ran up to the side of the building and peeked in to confirm her suspicions. The room inside was a simple rectangle shape.

She moved away from the window when her friends entered the building.

'If the room inside is a rectangle, then why is part of the Academy's wall attached to the building like it's shaped as an 'L'? That would only make sense if there was a...'

Her eyes widened with the realization.

*'**A SECRET ROOM!**'*

*She whirled around, she needed to get out of there, **now**. Mr. PEACE was hiding something, and he was no fool. If she was the one hiding a secret like this, then she would post a gua-*

She didn't even get to finish her thought before she got slammed into the wall. She screamed, but it only made a muffled noise against the palm of her attacker. The figure stabbed her in the neck with something. She heard them say one more thing before she passed out.

"Two down, two to go..."

A/N: 1119 words. I'm going to be H **itting y'all with a whol** E **lot of cliff hangers,** L **ike this one. Next cha** P **ter is where the Keyfinders are going to realize that so** M **e of their fri** E **nds are** G **one. I co** U **ldn't hide it from** Y **our favorite neko Japan any longer.** S **he caught on, but not quick enough...** !!!

ヾ(•д• ;)ﾉ

I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING MORE, YOU GUYS ARE SMART ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT I'M SAYING!!! I'VE GOT TO GO! :"<

(Btw, That's part of the story, just in case you guys actually thought I was kidnapped irl.)

(1193 real words.)

(Thanks for reading!)

Chapter Fifteen: Where'd they go?

3rd person's POV

The six remaining Keyfinders finished their interrogation of Mr. PEACE, and left the faculty room. Japan texted Ukraine and South Korea to meet back up at the dorm. They walked to the dorm building in silence, disappointed that the forbidden building actually was just a faculty room. When they got into Japan's dorm, they sat around the meeting table and stared at the file, now their only clue besides the phone call.

"Vell, maybe ve overthought this. Maybe ve've been jumping to too many conclusions. Maybe there vas no mystery to begin vith." Germany voiced what everyone was thinking.

"Yeah, I guess..." sighed America, sorely disappointed that their adventure had come to an anticlimactic end. "We didn't really have much to go on, anyway."

"Um-" Canada tried cutting in, but Poland unintentionally interrupted him.

"Even if this school isn't housing some sort of conspiracy, I still had fun with you guys!" Poland said.

"But-"

"I don't know," It was Russia this time who cut him off. "I feel like we'rre missing something..."

"I thin-"

"But what?" America said loudly. Canada snapped.

"JUST SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME FOR A SECOND WOULD YOU???"

Everybody was shocked at his outburst. Canada rarely got angry, and only with good reason, so something must really be wrong for him to lose his temper like that.

"HAS *ANYONE* NOTICED THAT WE'RE NOT ALL HERE???"

Japan nodded. "Yes, senpai and Ukraine-chan aren't here right now, but I texted them and-"

Canada turned to face her. "Ukraine *never* leaves my texts unanswered. *NEVER.* Even if she's in class, or got it taken away, she answers it *somehow.* Ukraine must be in trouble. And maybe South Korea, too. When was the last time we saw him, anyway?"

"Bro, I get that this was fun and exciting and all, but you're just grasping at straws now. Ukraine probably lost her phone, and South is probably just chilling out somewhere." Said America. "Look, I love a good conspiracy theory, but that's just all this is now. A theory."

"Can we at least go looking for her? And South Korea?" Canada pleaded. "I really think that they are in trouble! What if you're wrong? They could be hurt, or even kidnapped!"

"Fine, but I think you're just being a worry-wart. They're fine."

Meanwhile...

They were *not* fine.

Ukraine woke up in an underground cell. Her head pounded from whatever it was that knocked her out, and she clutched at it and groaned. Presently, a shuffling noise in the corner prompted her to remove her arms, and investigate.

A faint beam of light barely illuminated the cell, and she squinted.

The shuffling noise got louder, accompanied by a harsh chewing noise.

Her eyes widened in fear and she backed away from whatever was making the noise. Her back pressed up against the wall, and she gave an involuntary squeak of surprise.

The noises stopped suddenly.

She held her breath in fear as the shuffling turned into a plodding noise.

Whatever was down here with her, was coming towards her.

She steeled herself and shot a beam of light towards the area where the noises came from. There was a squeal, and a thumping noise.

"OW!! MY EYES!! WHAT THE HECK UKRAINE?!?!?"

Oh thank goodness.

It was just South Korea.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry, I thought you were a kind of beast or something that was going to eat me!!!"

She could now see the faint outline of the Korean. He was holding something, a biscuit and a drumstick. The noise he made from eating was probably what was scaring her from earlier. She output a faint glow, and helped up South Korea, who smiled gratefully, and gave her a biscuit.

"So, where are we?" She said.

"I don't know. They knocked me out in the woods, and next thing I know, I'm in here. We're in the back of the cell right now. You can see a little more in the front. C'mon, I'll show you!"

He grabbed her hand, and she followed him to the front of the cell. Not much could be discerned about their location from the room, but she held to a hunch that they were somewhere in that secret room on the faculty building. She shivered as she saw steps leading

upwards to a door. They must've been underground.

Ukraine hated being underground. So far from the warm sunlight and beautiful colors, so far from fresh air and freedom. At least there was a faint beam of sunlight in the back of their cell. Otherwise if she was down here for too long without recharging, she could die. Apparently whoever it was that captured them wanted them alive for some purpose. She scanned the rest of the room again.

There was a mass of strange looking technology in the center of the room. The room itself looked hexagonal. To her right were the stairs, to her left was some weaponry. It looked like their kidnappers were expecting an attack. Directly across the room from them was a small cage, hanging from the ceiling. A faint electronic glow emanated from it, and something inside of it moved. Her breath hitched in her throat.

They were not alone in the room...

A/N: 841 words. I had to cut it in half because it was 2000+ words and...yeah... Next chapter is super exciting though! :)

Chapter Sixteen: The Third Kidnapping

A/N: Some blood and violence >:>

3rd person's POV

The rest of the Keyfinders met up once again in Japan's room. Each of them had been on the lookout all day for their missing friends, and hadn't seen anything related to their whereabouts. All of them were nervous and suspicious now, but there was nothing else to be done. It was already late, and they were too tired to continue the search. They headed to their respective dorms for the night, unaware that yet another of their friends was about to be taken.

America's POV

I never thought I'd say this, but I was totally wrong. Neither Ukraine *or* South Korea were in their classes today, and neither showed up for lunch. Something fishy is going on here, but it's no help to our friends if we stay up too late searching. We need to get some rest before we continue to look.

I walked in the dorm, checking up on Russia. He was in his room, fast asleep. I smiled to myself, and quietly shut his door. I walked into my room, and crashed on the bed, not even bothering to take off my shoes. I buried my face in the pillow and started to fall asleep...

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...Man, Russia sure is making a lot of noise.

...

...

...

...Waitaminute...

...He's asleep...

I shot up out of bed and checked the clock. I've only been asleep for half and hour. I opened my door quietly, and gently eased Russia's door open...

There was someone in his room.

"Hey, what are you doin-" I barely was able to utter this much before the figure spun around and launched itself across the room, knocking me backwards into the hall. I coughed out some blood. Dang, that guy could *punch*.

"I was hoping for the Russian, but you'd do just as well..." A gravely voice that I didn't recognize said softly. It was creepy.

"Well you might have taken my friends unawares, but you're not gonna get me without a fight!" I shouted.

The figure chuckled, they must have guessed that I was trying to wake Russia up so I could get some back-up. "It's too late, kid. He can't hear you, he's out cold. I don't have enough to take you out completely, so I'll have to do it the good old-fashioned way." With that, the creep ran at me, holding a knife in one hand, and some kind of club-like weapon in his other, like the ones policemen have. I smirked and drew out my babies. Luckily, I never go anywhere without 'em.

"EAT LEAD YOU CREEP!!!"

I shot a couple of rounds into him, my AK-47 and .45 pumping bullets into the figure. I laughed crazily, and only stopped when I heard a clicking noise.

Unbelief crossed my features, and I gaped at the man, no, the THING that stood before me. Bullets littered the floor at his feet, having bounced off his figure and onto the floor. I dropped my guns and stepped back in fear.

"W-what *are* you?" I managed to whisper in a hoarse voice.

In response, a fist slammed into my face, the knife in his hand cutting me good across the cheek. I reacted, my foot coming up and kneeing them in the stomach. They grunted, and I grabbed them, flipping them over my back in the same move I had used on Reonelles earlier, just this time without all of the theatrics.

The figure rolled upon landing on the ground. I took the time to sprint to my phone, my fingerprint unlocking it. I called Canada. The phone rang. I put it on speaker, even though it was likely that he wouldn't pick up. I turned quickly, and a foot connected with my stomach, winding me and sending me crashing into the wall.

Canada picked up.

"CANADA, GET HELP!!! QUICKLY!!!" I gasped out. "THERE'S A-"

A fist punched me again in the stomach. I slide down the wall, but I'm not finished just yet.

While they raise their cudgel to knock me out, I sweep their legs out from underneath them. They hit the floor with a loud 'whump'. I'm already half-way to the door, having grabbed the phone on the way, Canada's panicked voice telling me to do 'stay calm' and whatnot.

I would have laughed if I wasn't so scared. Here I am, fighting for my life with a bullet-proof stranger who knocked out my friend and probably took my other friends and did who-knows-what with them, and Canada's telling me to stay calm.

A fiery pain claws up my leg, which buckles, sending me crashing to the ground. I scream out in pain, tears blurring my eyes. The

knife was lodged in my leg, the figure had thrown it expertly. Hot blood flowed in a river down my leg, a ruby-like glisten to it. "I've been stabbed, Maple." I said, clenching my teeth through the pain. "Guys, they're targeting us." I rolled quickly, the cudgel slamming into the floor where my head was a second before. I spoke into the phone again. "I-I think you might not be able to get here in time to save me, but prepare for the next attack. Can-can, I, I love you little bro."

I heard Canada's hysterical crying on the other side. Footsteps were pounding through the halls, but I knew they couldn't reach me in time. I slid the phone quickly across the floor, it went somewhere under the couch. The figure's eyes glinted in anger. They couldn't get me *and* get the phone. I smiled cockily and relaxed. I was too tired to fight anymore, and if I did, I would only get even more hurt. The cudgel came down, and I blacked out.

3rd person's POV

The door shook under the force of blows. The figure looked around for the phone, but not seeing it, decided to escape with the unconscious boy before the door was kicked down. He yanked the knife out of America's leg, blood spurting up from the wound. The figure grabbed the boy, and jumped out the window, which was on the second floor.

The door gave way, splintering on it's hinges, and Canada ran into the room, Japan, Poland, and Germany close behind him. They spotted the blood on the ground, the cracks in the wall, and the bullet holes that littered the hallway. Canada sunk to his knees, sobs wracking his body. Japan and Germany ran into Russia's room, while Poland comforted Canada and looked for America's phone.

Japan slammed the door to Russia's room open, and ran to his side. She slapped him repeatedly in the face. Because he was so tall, he would have needed a bigger dose of the knockout drug, and as there was a quarter-filled syringe on the ground, it was only a matter of time till the tall Slav woke up.

Germany sped up the process by dumping a glass of water on him. He sat up, sputtering. Japan hissed and ran, shaking the water off.

"Whaa? Why arrrre you guys herrrre?" Russia slurred his words together, still woozy from the drug.

"Canada was right, they-they came a-again." Japan mewled out.

Russia's eyes widened. "WHAT?!? WHERRRE'S AMERRRIKA?!?

"I'm sorry, He's gone."

Bonus:

An0n sat at her computer, furiously typing out her story. She was determined to continue writing at the pace she had set herself at. 'A chapter a day keeps Corona away!' She thought.

All of a sudden, the computer glowed a reddish color, her eyes bulged and she stared dumbly at the screen. In a flash of light, she was pulled into the fictitious world she made with her Magic An0n powers. She landed in a heap on the ground. A machine hummed and powered down, obviously having been responsible for bringing her into this world. Strong hands grabbed her arms, and she kicked out, screaming. She was thrown into a small cage hanging on the ceiling.

An0n turned around. A computer hit her in the face, and she fell back. The cage door slammed shut, and a twisted face looked in at her and spoke.

"You will keep writing your 'story' but it will be how WE like it. No one can save you now. You and your 'heroes' are doomed!"

She narrowed her eyes.

They had misjudged her powers. An0n couldn't directly attack her captors for now, but she had her ways to get help.

After all, she had the power of manipulating the fourth wall.

And she knew that there was a certain group of readers who were ready to crash through the wall and deal justice to a certain antagonistic character.

She smirked, and looked at the ever-present fourth wall.

"Check out the profile, I can give you powers on this side of the wall. "

"They have no idea who they are messing with..."

A/N: 1430 words. Halp meh. Please. :) Hope you enjoyed! Short author note 'cause why not.

...

I really love writing action scenes TwT.

Thanks for Reading!

Chapter Seventeen: The Fourth is a FAIL

A/N: Warning, blood and violence

ALSO WHAT THE HECK 1000+ reads?!?!?

dies

revives

repeats process

wut.

Enjoy!!!

(Me from the future looking back at this and is confused, amused, and disturbed)

Russia's POV

"WHAT?!?"

No, he can't be gone! This has to be a mistake! Some kind of sick prank! He's here, in the other room laughing his butt off at my expense! I jump up and race out of my room, blinking back tears.

Oh My Pangaea.

Blood coated the walls, dripping down in splatters. Bullet holes riddled the hallway. There were cracks in the wall, and things all around the dorm were broken and out of place. I heard sobbing coming from the living room, and I walked dazedly in. It felt like a

dream, like any minute now I would wake up and everything would be fine.

Any hopes of this being a joke faded when I saw Canada.

He was kneeling on the ground, holding a scrap of America's shirt that must have gotten torn off in the fight. He wasn't crying, at least not any more. He just sat there, staring at the piece of shirt that was slick with blood.

He looked broken.

Without looking up at me, Canada spoke. "H-he told m-m-me we are b-being targeted. One country h-has been taken from each d-d-dorm. They are trying t-to p-provoke us to look for them. T-to get mad and b-blindly rush in to their rescue." He finally looked up at me.

"South Korea, Ukraine, and now America..."

My eyes widened with realization. Poland, who was cleaning up the blood, froze as we both came to the same conclusion.

Either Germany or Poland was next.

The Next Day...

We didn't split up. If one of us had to get a drink, we all went. Even if the teachers didn't let us, we just got up and went. The teachers were mostly just pissed off at our disobedience, not actually serious enough to call our parents, although I wonder if that wasn't also part of the plan. If our parents came, they would ask where their missing kids were, and cause a scandal.

I felt unattached all day, still shell-shocked from the events of the previous night. If someone asked me a question, I would just stare ahead blankly. It creeped everyone out, so they left me alone.

'It's probably my fault America got taken. Heck, they were using *guns* for crying out loud, and I *still* didn't wake up. I'm a failure. The first person who ever saw past my cold front is now gone...'

Flashback...

It was the first day of my new school. I had just moved here with my family and I didn't know a single person other than my siblings. Ukraine had already made friends, and was sitting at the lunch table with them. I snuck a look.

She was laughing at something one of her new friends had said to her.

I felt a wave of envy crash over me. Here I was, lonely and friendless, practically a walking ***tree****, a freak that no one would risk associating with. Although that red and white guy Ukraine was talking to was tall, he was ridiculously outgoing and nice.*

Me? Not so much.

I rarely showed emotion, and only around people I really trusted. Kids here have probably already classified me as the 'bad egg' the kid who'll go sour halfway through the year and start bullying kids.

I sunk my face into my hands.

The only way I could get a friend was if some kid was possibly socially unaware and cocky enough to approach a scary giant like me with the intentions of making friends.

But that was impossible.

Nobody could possibly be that stup-

"Hiya there! What's the weather like up in the sky?"

What.

I lifted my head out of my arms and stared incredulously at the kid before me. He had 13 or so stripes, red and white, with a blue box in the corner that had stars in it. His eyes were red and blue, and they too had little shining white stars in them.

It was absolutely ***adorable****.*

He grinned at me and stuck out a hand. "My name's America! You can

call me Ame, or Meri if you like, just not Rica. Some kid did that to me once and I got confused with Costa Rica! Can you believe it? We look nothing alike! I mean, same colors and all-ooh! You have my colors too! Anyways, if it was Malaysia, then I would understand. Well, if they only saw me from the backside. Hold on, I haven't asked you your name yet! Darn it, I knew I was forgetting something! My dad always tells me I talk too much for my own good but-"

He took a breath for air, and I snapped out of my trance. I had hardly realized that during his torrent of words that I was staring at him. I quickly jumped in before he could get carried away again.

"RUSSIA! Oh, I'm sorry, I'm America, Russia. Oop! I mean you're Russia, no. Uhm. Uhhh..." I got flustered and buried my face in my hands again. I peeked out when I heard the most adorable noise in the world.

America was laughing, giggling cutely. It was full of snorts and was really loud and obnoxious, but that only made it all the more adorable.

I felt my face burn with shame and, something else that I couldn't quite identify. He noticed and stopped.

"Aww, Don't be sad! I was laughing with you, silly! You're funny Russia, I like you. Let's be friends!"

My eyes widened at his words. No one had ever said anything like that to me before. I stared at him, and then squeezed him in a hug. He squeaked in surprise, and patted my back. I was crying.

"Hey, Ruski-Is it okay if I call you that? Yes? Okay good. What's the matter dude? Are you okay?"

I sniffled. "Y-yeah, sorry." I let go of him quickly, ashamed of myself. I looked at the ground. "It's just, nobody has ever wanted to be my friend before..."

Oh my gosh.

Now he was hugging me.

"Well, first time for everything, huh?" He laughed again and pulled back.

I missed his warmth. He slid next to me with his lunch, not even bothering asking if it was okay, and spent the rest of the lunch period practically talking my ears off.

I had never been so happy in my entire life.

Flashback end...

And now he was gone. Along with South Korea, and my sister. Tears dimmed my eyes, and I slammed my hand into a wall. I REALLY wanted to punch someone right now.

With impeccable comic timing, I noticed a hand yank Germany into a corner. No one else was looking. I grinned, my gaze turning red.

I won't let them take another person away from me.

I ran forwards, dodging quickly into the corner. Germany was pressed up against the wall, a cloaked figure holding a syringe much like the one we found next to my bed last night. Germany's eyes flicked at me briefly, but he was too smart to show any emotion that would betray my presence. The figure spoke.

"Now that we finally have you and your *pathetic* excuses of friends, we can start our plan-"

I charged into him roaring, blind with rage. I punched the syringe out of his grasp and he shouted with surprise. My vision was fogged with red, all I remember was ice-hardening my fists and punching him over and over and over again. I was crying as well, tears streaming down my cheeks as I took out my anger, sadness, and frustration out on the man who hurt and insulted my friends.

I felt arms on my shoulders, pulling me back from the bloodied form. I screamed in rage again, stomping so hard that my foot went through the ground into an airspace. Probably a mole hole. A bucket of water splashed me in the face and I blinked in surprise. My blood-lust calmed down and I looked at the man in front of me.

I couldn't move, as my foot was still stuck in the hole, so Germany turned the man's bloody and battered face towards us.

It was...

...

...

...Meh, I actually didn't know the dude. All I knew is that he taught a math class for some of the older kids. We didn't have him as a teacher though. I leaned on the side of the faculty building, which was where the fight had taken place.

"Maybe we can question him where they have our friends when he wakes up!" Said Japan.

"I don't think that will be very necessary..." Germany replied thoughtfully. I followed his gaze and looked at the faculty building.

There was another room on the building that wasn't shown to us on the interior. I remember a large painting of a planet where it connected to the main room, probably a cover. The room was too small to actually be a room. It was probably a staircase leading...

...

...Underground.

And then something poked my leg.

A/N: 1447 words. I just LOVE fluff. It's so fluffy. Also I love the 'cliffhanger' I ended on in this chapter. It's just so random! Taken out of context, it's rather weird. Did you guys figure out where he was fighting when his foot went through the ground? Tell me! I'd love to hear it! Also, who were you expecting the attacker to be? And did anyone catch the foreshadowing? I'll see you guys in a couple of chapters when y'all spring me from this dumb cage. Also, don't worry. Ame is alive and fine. Ukraine and South Korea already bandaged his leg and face with scraps of fabric. He woke up a little while ago and started making our ears bleed with how much he talked. THE GUY WOULDN'T. SHUT. UP. Luckily for us, South Korea had enough

shirt fabric left to make a gag. Japan might faint from nose-bleeding because SK's shirtless right now. Thanks to those of you who are going to come and rescue us. Remember, you can ask me for powers, I can grant them on this side of the wall. Thank you for reading this!

Chapter Eighteen: Found

3rd person's POV

"What the heck?"

Russia kicked his leg around in the hole, hitting something solid that gave way with a cry of pain. They all froze and stared at the hole. Poland jumped into action, flying above Russia and grabbing his arms, lifting him out of the hole. Russia's leg finally came free, and the two fell back to the ground heavily. Immediately, everyone crowded around the hole, peeking in.

Meanwhile, Reo was striding towards the Keyfinders with Cay. He was hoping to get his revenge on the group when the tall scary one was unable to fight.

'What the hell are they doing?' Reo thought. He came to a stop.

From his point of view, it looked like the entire group was bowing to some unseen object. Reo was a little weirded out, and decided to go harass some other countries that weren't participating in cultist activities.

The Keyfinders peered into the hole. There was a tense moment of silence before a bright eye suddenly popped into view from seemingly nowhere.

The Keyfinders screamed.

The thing in the hole screamed.

Everybody started screaming.

The eye in the hole moved away, and was replaced by a shiny black something.

Canada screamed, and punched it.

"AAAGGH!!! What in the flippity fluffin' TARNATION do ya think you're doin'??? THAT'S THE SECOND TIME!!!" Said the voice in the hole.

Russia's eyes widened and he moved till his face was in the hole. "Amerrika?" He said, trying not to sound hopeful.

"UnFoRtUnAtElY!!!"

Russia was ecstatic. He crammed his face in the hole. "You'rrre alive!!!"

"...Tell me something I don't know..."

"Wherrre arre you? Is Ukrraine and South Korrea therrre? Who do I need to kill? Arre you okay? I saw blood in the dorrrm, arre you hurrt???"

"Hey, Hey! Calm down big guy! I'm...fine...I mean...I've definitely been better. 'Raine and SK are down here with me, along with...someone else. I'm not sure who it is really. 'Raine says there is a staircase. We think the faculty room is hiding a secret room. Can you get us? They aren't here yet."

Russia was so excited that America was alive and...mostly okay, that he forgot to ask who 'they' was. He pulled his head out of the hole.

"Let's go guys!"

"Hold on Russia, ve couldn't hear vhat vas said, you vere blocking us from hearing. Are they all down there? Are they okay?" Said Germany.

"They'rrre okay, c'mon, we need to go!" Russia said as he bolted towards the door of the faculty building.

Canada raised an eyebrow at his actions. "I've never seen him act so excited before..." Poland nodded with him.

"Ugh! It's locked! What are we going to do?" Worried Japan.

Russia walked off. The others looked at him in confusion. Suddenly he turned and ran screaming at the door. The others jumped for cover. Russia crashed into the door, splintering it on it's hinges. His momentum carried him forwards into a teacher, who was bowled over and conveniently knocked out cold.

Canada peeked in through the splintered remains of the door. "Well, that's one way to do it." A hard light came into his eyes, and he pulled out two hatchets seemingly from nowhere. "Let's go get them, guys."

The others brought out their weapons as well, not all of them as lethal as axes. They figured he smuggled them in with Ame's guns. Germany turned invisible, grabbing a piece of the metal doorframe, and turning that too invisible for his weapon. Poland pulled out a knife he always kept on him. Japan used the power of anime to summon a katana, and Russia pulled out a bottle of vodka.

They all looked at Russia slowly. He growled, chugged it, and smashed the empty flask against the skull of the teacher, who was just beginning to get up. Said teacher fell back to the ground with a groan, leaving Russia's bottle with a jagged glass bottom.

"Nice." Said Poland.

Germany wasn't paying attention. He was too busy looking at a painting of a planet. "Hey guys, come see this." The rest of the Keyfinders walked over to where his voice came from, somehow managing to not bump into the invisible German.

"This is an accurate representation of a planet, but not one in our Solar System."

"So?" Growled Russia. "Ask me if I carrre."

Germany scowled at him before realizing it wouldn't be seen. He sighed. "Why in the world would they have this painting of a planet in such a weird place? Look, it goes all the way to the floor. Nobody puts a picture practically hung on the ground. Also it's huge. And the planet itself...I recognize it." He mused.

"What is it?" Asked Poland.

"It's Ariniacoi-21." Germany replied.

"Uh, what?"

"Oh! Sorry. It's in a neighboring solar system near ours. The closest Goldilocks planet."

"Now is not the time forr fairrrytails Gerrmany. We arre in a rrather Grrimm situation if you hadn't noticed." Russia said the last part proudly. They all stared at him, uncomprehending. Russia lowered his head. "Amerrika would have gotten it..." He mumbled.

"...Anyway, a Goldilocks planet is a planet that's not too close to a sun, and not too far away. That means life is possible. So far Ariniacoi-21 is too far for scientists to observe, so it is source of much theorizing and speculation-"

"Oh cut the crap Gerrmany. We need to rrescue them!" Russia pushed the painting as he said this, acting on a hunch. He was rewarded when the wall rotated away, revealing a staircase. Russia promptly marched down them, but Germany lingered at the top. He just couldn't shake the feeling that the picture was part of the key to their mystery.

'Why would someone have a picture of '21 on their wall anyway? Certainly not for aesthetic pleasure...'

Germany shook it off, and followed down the staircase to help his friends.

They stood at the foot of the staircase, looking around the room. It was a hexagonal shape, with a large machine near the center. The machine had a slanted table, and straps. There was a frightening reddish stain on it, faintly seen fro the dim light that came from the stairwell door that they left open. A rattling noise alerted them to a large cell built into the wall on their left. The Keyfinders ran towards the noise.

Canada was the first to see them. "UKRAINE!!! You're okay!!!" He ran at the cell, grasping the bars and looking frantically around for

some sort of lever release. Not finding any, he looked at her.

She was dirty and a little more paler than usual. She smiled, and grasped his hands between the bars.

"I knew you'd find me, my Maple."

Canada smiled delightedly. Japan was squealing over his shoulder, but she stopped when she saw South Korea.

"SENPAI!!! I MISSED YOU SOOOOOOOOO MUCH!!!" She ran and hugged him the best she could through the bars. Her eyes widened and she slowly looked at him again. "A-Are you, shirtless?" She squealed again and blood started flowing out of her nose. Poland walked over and healed it quickly, but there was still a puddle of blood on the floor.

Russia looked for America, finally spotting him whispering something to Ukraine and Canada, the former pushing him away as he laughed obnoxiously. Russia grinned widely, and somehow managed to get his arms through the bars, with more difficulty than the slim neko of course. He wrapped the American in a squeezing hug.

America gasped in pain.

Russia's eyes widened.

That was *not* supposed to happen.

Russia pulled back carefully, and held the American in place as he tried to retreat. Russia looked him over. There was a jagged red blood-crusted slash on his cheek. It looked like someone had pressed a cloth against it to stop the bleeding, but it wasn't bandaged, as the fabric would obstruct Ame's vision. His shirt was off, and torn into a makeshift bandage for his bloodied and bruised torso. There was a tightly tied piece of shirt on his leg, and America was avoiding putting any weight on it, leading Russia to believe that it was severely injured. Russia looked back at Ame's face.

"You said you werrre fine." He growled, clearly upset.

"I didn't say that!" Ame yelped. "I said I was mostly fine, not perfect! I mean, I'm not *dying*! Calm down!"

"I will not 'calm down' until I bloodily DISEMBOWEL the person who did this!!!" Russia spat vehemently.

"Now that sounds rather...*messy*, wouldn't ya say?"

The Keyfinders spun around. Germany gaped and goggled at the figures in the doorway, unwittingly giving away his position.

"Wha-How-But, Wait, America was right all along?!?"

For in the doorway stood Ari, with Mr. PEACE and a bruised Mr. BRUTE on either side of him. There was a good couple dozen of teachers and staff behind them.

Every single one of them followed Ari's example, and peeled off their countryhuman/organizationhuman masks, revealing large buggy eyes, antennae, and foreign looking flags.

America *was* right all along.

*They were being attacked and targeted by **aliens**.*

A/N: 1508 words. Y'all are so smart. You guys kept calling it and I had to try to not give anything away. The planet was made up, fyi. Also I won't be able to respond to any comments today, I'm busy, rip. *Also* Ari wasn't the *kidnapper,* he was the *mastermind* of the conspiracy. I know some of you are *dying* to get in here and fight, but I'll have to tell you, Japan and I are not ready. I'd say after next chapter is where the wall will be weak enough. I can already hear you guys faintly from this side. The others haven't spotted me *yet* and they haven't heard you guys, because they didn't know what to listen for. Japan probably heard a bit. I think she knows I'm up here. Hopefully I'll see y'all soon!

Thanks for Reading!!!

...

Welp, I may or may not have broken my rib by sleeping on it weird. ;-;

Chapter Nineteen: The Fight Part One: The Fourth Wall

3rd person's POV

The Keyfinders gaped at the aliens. Ari doubled over in laughter, and the other aliens followed his example. He stopped, and glared at them.

"No you fools! I'm the main villain, I do the evil laughter alone! You guys just make it sound like a deranged pack of rabid hyenas! Shut up and just do what I tell you to do, and nothing else." They all quieted.

"It'S pRoNoUnCeD Y'aLl!!!" A loud, obnoxious voice called out, breaking the silence.

Ari looked over, shocked that anyone would dare correct the evil mastermind. He quickly composed his face when America started laughing. "Shut- Shut up! That's it, BRUTE, get your team and contain those nuisances, and make sure to beat the ever-living daylights out of that...that...*Quortlex onubicc!!!*" Ari struggled to find a suitable word to call the American, so he quickly reverted to his native tongue. BRUTE and a team of huge burly aliens strode towards the kids.

Russia was the first to react. He shot a glance at SK, who nodded, and stuck his hand out of the power-numbing cage. SK brought a blob of water from the earth, and Russia quickly froze it, sending a blast into the cell.

The bars shattered, releasing the three prisoners. Ukraine and South Korea ran out to join the fight. America tried to follow, but Russia stopped him.

"What are you doing??? Let me go!!!" America growled and

struggled against Russia's arms, which were restraining him from the fray.

"Het. You arrre hurrt. Stay."

"I'll be careful!!! C'mon!!!"

Russia looked at him. He knew that no matter what he did, the American was going to fight, and it wasn't like they didn't need his help. He sighed. "...Fine, but ONLY if you stay away frrrom grroups of them. You can handle one orr two, but I don't want you getting ganged up on."

"Got it!" America turned and ran straight into an alien who was trying to sneak up on them. Russia flinched, but America decked the alien before it could get any closer with a well placed punch. "See?"

Russia rolled his eyes, but he couldn't repress a grin.

Meanwhile, Canada was turning into a bloodthirsty lumberjack. No one had ever seen this side of him. He was grinning crazily, and flailing his hatchets around. They were small enough to not be able to decapitate anyone, but it was very probable that some aliens had died under the now crimson blades.

The room seemed electrified with tension, and a cracking noise was heard. Nobody paid much attention to it though.

Ukraine was trapped up against a wall. Two aliens approached her, one with a knife from the kitchen upstairs, the other with a fragment of bar from the smashed cell. Ukraine would've been able to take care of them if she wasn't so sunlight-starved. As it is, she was much weaker than usual. Her eyes widened as one of the aliens raised it's knife.

The knife clattered to the floor.

The alien's eyes rolled back up in it's head, and the alien collapsed.

Lodged in the back of it's head was a blood spattered axe.

On the entire other side of the room, was Canada, a fierce expression on his face. He started running towards her.

While the remaining alien freaked out about it's partner, Ukraine snatched up the knife and stabbed it in one of it's large buggy eyes. It squealed and fell.

Canada reached Ukraine, and embraced her in a hug. The battle raged on behind the two of them as they hugged.

"I thought I lost you." Canada whispered in her ear.

"Not yet, my Maple!" Ukraine giggled.

She leaned her head up towards his cheek, and kissed it sweetly, before grabbing the knife out of the alien's eye. She winked at the flustered Canadian. "C'mon Maple! Let's get 'em!" She ran off, back towards the fray.

Canada stared at her, his cheeks turning even more red than they were before, if that was even possible. He touched his cheek, a grin slowly spreading on his face.

Poland however, was not having as much luck.

He didn't like violence, but he could hold his own in a fight. But three aliens had him surrounded, and were pointing strange looking guns at him. He looked around, looking for an opening. He was too slow.

One of the aliens squeezed the trigger.

BANG!!!

The shot went wild, a weird ray missing him by inches.

The alien who had shot it looked now like he was going into convulsions, jerking his body everywhere. Poland used the distraction to snatch one of the guns out of the alien's grasp, and shoot the two that weren't being attacked by an invisible Germany.

South Korea was defending Japan. She was crouched under a cage

on the ceiling, eyes tightly closed, concentrating. SK had no idea what she was doing, but it looked important, so he covered her while she worked on...whatever it was that she was working on.

America was laughing as he crazily shot a space-gun that he had stolen from the knocked out alien. Zaps were flying around the room, hitting their targets dead on. It looked like the gun was only a stunner, but that was okay. As long as the aliens were incapacitated, he was satisfied.

Click Click Click

Shoot. Pun intended, of course.

The gun was out of charge.

And perfect timing, too.

BRUTE slammed Russia on the wall, and punched him in the stomach till blood came out of his mouth.

America narrowed his eyes.

It was time for a rematch.

He sprinted towards BRUTE, Russia saw him and tried to warn him away with his eyes, but America was having none of that. He morphed into a tiger, and pounced on BRUTE.

Russia fell to the ground, greedily taking in gulps of air. When he had caught his breath, he looked over at the two fighting.

Even injured, America was beating the teacher. Now that he knew what to look for, he was careful not to let his guard slip. He clawed the teacher across the face, then morphed into an anaconda, and started to squeeze BRUTE with all of the force he could muster.

BRUTE's face turned an interesting shade of purple.

But that's when the battle went downhill.

Mr. PEACE shot a bolt of energy at America in his snake form.

America's form malfunctioned and glitched. He collapsed on the ground in his preferred form, limp and helpless.

Russia screamed. "NOOOOO!!!!!!"

He ran over, and picked up America bridal style. The American was out cold, and his wounds had started to bleed again.

"Amerika-" Russia started to say before he was shot with a blast of energy in the small of his back. He slumped over on the American.

Canada was fighting valiantly, even though one of his hatchets had been broken in half and discarded. But a gang of eight aliens dog-piled him, restraining him with much effort.

Germany and Poland were fighting back to back. It was rather amusing to watch, as aliens kept trying to sneak up on his 'exposed' back, only to be hit by Germany.

The strategy was going great, until one of the aliens attacked with a gun. The blast hit Germany, though it was intended for Poland. Before blacking out, he managed to turn himself visible again, so he wouldn't lose energy while unconscious.

Poland whirled around and dropped to his knees, cradling Germany's head. It was clear he was having war flashbacks, as he didn't even notice when two aliens picked him up by the wings, and tied him up.

Ukraine ran at Mr. PEACE, who had just shot her brother. Tears were in her eyes and she screamed in pain and anger. Her friends were falling all around her, and she was felt rage at not being able to help them. Even in her weakened state, she got a few blows in on the principle. Mr. PEACE had to shoot her twice to get her to stop.

South Korea had his hands up. Seven aliens surrounded him and Japan, who was still on the ground. It was clear that they were going to lose. Ari walked through and nodded at SK.

"Smart choice, kid. Now, back away from the author's cage."

Japan opened one eye and looked at SK pleadingly. He got the

message and stalled for time. "What do you mean, the author?"

"That would be me." A voice called out from above him.

SK's jaw dropped, but he kept asking questions, trying to buy more time for his girlfriend. "What's an author? What are they doing here?"

Ari grinned in victory. "I'm glad you asked. We are in a book right now, written by this author, An0n. She has extraordinary powers, on her side of this so-called 'fourth wall'. She was able to bring us all to life, with her words. However, she got a little more personality than she bargained for. We sucked her into her own book with the machine you see in the center of the room. But here, she is powerless."

Unbeknownst to the people below, An0n smirked. She knew something that Ari didn't.

"What are you going to do with us?" Asked SK.

"We need your powers. With them, we will be able to conquer this whole world, with all of its wonderful resources. We will enslave all that live here, and all will know and worship the name of ARI!!!"

A cracking noise got louder. Ari looked miffed at having his voice being challenged by the loud cracking. Japan stood up and winked in the direction of the fourth wall. Shouting could be heard, and a ramming noise.

"What the hell is that noise, anyway?!?" Ari asked, infuriated. He pulled out a remote and pressed a button. The cage lowered and SK got his first glimpse of An0n.

Her form wavered between forms, but generally stayed on one of a girl made of fire. Surprisingly, her expressions, features, and clothes were all still defined, though having the appearance of fire. She glared at Ari hatefully.

Ari went up to the cage and slapped her in the face, tuning aside her head. "WHAT DID YOU DO YOU BRAT?!?"

She gave a small smile, slowly turning her face towards Ari once again. She started laughing, which made Ari even angrier.

"WHAT. DID. YOU. DO."

She opened her eyes, a crystal blue with a ring of flame-yellow around her pupil. She stared at Ari, grinning.

"Get ready for the storm."

The fourth wall cracked wide open.

A/N: 1767 words. Happy Easter! Screw you Ari!! THANK YOU GUYS FOR COMING!!! Japan was also working on the time wall, so even if you're 'late' to the action, you will still be able to join the fight, but your appearance will be smoky and weird since the time wall is kind of funny like that. If you decided to fight anonymously, you will also show as these smoky-ish figures. Comment Rp style if you aren't going through the time wall, so I can write out your moves, fights, and actions (Like if you were to go heal the Keyfinders.{Please someone do this, they're pretty beat up.}) :). Rules are, I kill Ari. That dude was a JERK. Y'all can take on Mr. PEACE and BRUTE, or some of the other aliens. Also, someone please get me out of this cage. There are aliens with guns, metal bars, and various kitchen appliances. I will be taking a break so you can all get your fights in.

Chapter Twenty: The Fight Part Two: Readers to the Rescue!!!

A/N: Blood, violence, cookie gore, death.

3rd person's POV

A loud crack resonated throughout the room, followed by a boom. Several aliens crouched and covered their ears. Only An0n and Japan were unfazed by the noise. South Korea was freaking out. He tugged on Japan's sleeve.

"Jap, baby, what's going on??? Are we being attacked???"

Japan turned and smiled tiredly. "Don't worry, this was all planned and expected."

A thin papery figure ran into the room screaming. "I cAn HeLlLlLp!!!"

Japan frowned. "That however, was not."

South Korea squinted at the screaming figure. "Is that... Paper Mr. PEACE???"

It was. Since Paper Mr. PEACE's instruction was to always help out the Keyfinders, he came to life minutes before and ran to their location. He threw a few fists around wildly, missing miserably. Finally he managed to make contact with Ari himself. His blow glanced off the alien mastermind who was gaping at the unexpected intrusion. His paper made a heavy slice across Ari's skin, and he screamed. It was possibly the worst papercut known to mankind in the history of the world, however, it was still just that. A papercut.

Ari grabbed Paper PEACE by the throat and drew his space gun. His

finger clenched the trigger, but before he could shoot, an object smacked it out of his hand. The real Mr. PEACE bent down to look at it.

"A...cookie?"

The cookie sprouted legs, and launched itself at Mr. PEACE's face. He screamed and clawed at the attacking cookie, which forced itself down his throat. Ari was dumbfounded.

"Are we being attacked by cookies?" He asked to no one in particular.

"If I were you, I'd set An0n free and run while you still have legs." A confidant voice rang out. The aliens turned to see a strange hole in the middle of the room. Through the hole, nothing could be seen, but shadowy figures poured through it, followed soon by around nine or ten figures. The one who spoke stepped forwards, summoning a cookie that floated in their palm. Ari sneered.

"And who are you to tell *me* what to do?"

"We are, the Readers."

The Readers charged, splitting up. Some of the shadowy figures followed them. Raining_skiies parkoured on the top of the machine, dodging stray energy blasts from the confused and disoriented aliens below.

"I DO PARKOUR!!!" They screamed, finally flipping to the ground besides An0n's cage, slicing it open with a dagger, and helping the grateful author out.

"Thanks 'skiies!" Said An0n.

"No problem!!! Here, have a caprisun!!!" 'Skiies tossed a caprisun at An0n, who caught it. 'Skiies turned back to the medley of aliens. "WHO WANTS SOME FRE SHAVOCA DO?!?" 'Skiie skskskked their way to the battle, stabby-stabbing aliens left and right.

An0n sipped her caprisun.

Meanwhile, kookieskreamy and Raln_is_Wonderful made their way to Japan and South Korea.

"Are you guys hurt?" Asked Raln.

"Nope! Just a little bruised up. Japan's too tired to fight though." Answered South Korea.

"No wonder!" Laughed Kookie. "Not only did she break the fourth wall, but she also broke the time wall as well! That's what all these shadowy figures are." Kookie gestured at a show figure that accompanied them. The shadow figure saluted smartly, and resumed blocking the energy blasts. "They're readers from the future!"

"Anyways, where are the others?" Asked Raln.

Japan pointed at the rest of the Keyfinders. Several aliens were trying to hurriedly shove the tied up Poland into the ominous looking machine. Raln cursed.

"That's the power-drainer, isn't it. We've got to rescue Poland before they steal his powers!"

"Stay here." Said Kookie, making a little shelter with the empty cage and some abandoned boxes and crates. "Raln and I are going to rescue your friends, we'll bring them back here and fix them up." Kookie made a slit on their arm, blood welling up from the wound. South Korea's jaw dropped even further as Kookie waved their arm, fashioning a spear made out of blood, before sprinting off with Raln to save Poland.

'Skiies joined the two, naruto running with them. Raln smiled at them. "You want to help?"

"ThEy CaN'T sToP aLl oF uS!!! RaId ArEa-51!!!" 'Skiies replied. Shadow_darkness2 joined them.

"I agree with 'Skiies. Let's get 'em!!!"

Shadow tucked and rolled underneath the legs of an alien, sweeping them out from under him, and sending him crashing to the ground.

Shadow grabbed their Sword of Darkness, and slit the aliens throat. They stood up triumphant.

A blood spear rocketed right by them, and Shadow swiveled around, seeing a dying alien that was just about to shoot them in the back. Shadow turned again and grinned at Kookie.

"Thanks dude."

"No problem!"

'Skiies and Raln made their way to Poland, fighting off aliens. 'Skiies slashed Poland's ropes, and Poland crashed to the ground, bloody and battered, and still having traumatic war flashbacks. Raln crouched down besides the shivering boy while 'Skiies protected them.

"Hey, hey it's okay Poland, you're safe, everything's okay." Something in the background exploded as they said this, and Poland cringed, wrapping his wings tightly around himself.

"Need help?" Raln looked up to see XXXkosmos astride their faithful steed. Wings of the hussar warriors adorned their armored frame. Raln nodded, and Kosmos jumped off their horse.

Kosmos crouched next to the shivering Poland. "Buck up, lad! Remember your history!" Poland looked up. "You were invaded countless times, and each time you didn't give up. You rose like a Phoenix from the ashes!" PheonixD1 just so happened to torch an alien behind them, reminding Poland of the metaphor, and emboldening him.

The alien however, died horribly.

Kosmos reached into their saddlebag. "Here, take this." They handed a set of the Polish hussar wings. "Take these, go, fight for your friends and family! You can save them!" Poland took them and smiled with determination. He ran off with Raln and Kookie back to their makeshift hospital. Raln looked back.

"THANKS KOSMOS!!!"

Kosmos nodded and saluted, getting on their horse again, and charging into the fray, followed closely by 'Skiies, Shadow, and Pheonix. They made their way towards the unconscious Germany. An alien stood above his body, leveling a kitchen knife above his heart, and preparing to stab the unconscious boy. Pheonix growled and sprinted forwards.

"OH NO YOU DON'T!!!"

Pheonix shot a blast of fire at the alien, torching them to ashes. The knife clattered to the ground, 'Skiies scooped it up.

"YAASSS, NEW STABBIE!!!" 'Skiies giggled, and threw it immediately, piercing the throat of an alien about to shoot Pheonix. The knife pinned the alien to the wall, it gurgled and choked before dying. 'Skiies ran off towards the battle again, after tossing caprisuns to the Readers.

Kosmos caught one of the juice pouches and reared on their horse. The horse came down on the skull of an alien, fracturing it into pieces. "VICTORY!!!" They bellowed, and chugged the caprisun. Kosmos quickly dismounted, and picked up Germany with some help from Shadow. They laid the German across the horse's back, and Shadow jumped on the back of the horse with Kosmos. They galloped to the hospital bunker to drop off the injured German.

Pheonix shot another blast of flame at an alien, and ran towards Mr. BRUTE, who was struggling with NewSouthWales_CS3 as they shapeshifted. Mr. BRUTE was starting to get very tired with being attacked by angry shapeshifters.

NSW morphed into a rhino, charging at Mr. BRUTE, who side-stepped. Well, tried to. Pheonix stuck their foot out, tripping him. NSW morphed again and skidded on the dirt. A shadowy figure ran up to BRUTE and kneed him in the groin. BRUTE groaned, tears coming out. NSW charged at BRUTE again, this time as a lion, ripping his suit, and shredding the skin beneath. BRUTE howled in pain, and summoned a bolt of electricity. Before he could fire it, Pheonix and another shadow figure slammed him to the ground once more. Pheonix and three shadow figures held BRUTE in place as NSW flew to the ceiling as a hawk, before dropping down on

BRUTE as an 800 pound gorilla. Pheonix chuckled and ran off towards another fight, leaving NSW with BRUTE.

NSW morphed into their normal form, and punched BRUTE in the face repeatedly.

"You really have no idea how much I've wanted to do this." Said NSW between grunts.

BRUTE whimpered, blood coming out of his nose and mouth and pooling on the floor.

"Oi! NSW! Can I get some help over here?" Shadow's voice rang out.

"Sure!" NSW stopped beating up Mr. BRUTE and took a running jump, transforming into a sparrow mid-leap. NSW flew around the room, dodging blasts and various flying kitchen appliances as they made their way across the room towards Shadow.

Kosmos and 'Skiies were also with Shadow, working on getting the rest of the Keyfinders to safety. Kosmos had Canada and Ukraine on their horse, and 'Skiies was carrying Ame.

Shadow was struggling with carrying the unconscious Russia.

NSW landed and re-morphed in front of Shadow.

Shadow puffed and grunted. "Can you help me get him to the bunker? This guy is freakin' HUGE!!!"

NSW chuckled and shapeshifted into a large horse. "I'll take the walking tree, you just cover my flank, okay?" NSW whinnied.

Shadow nodded, and they galloped swiftly towards the bunker. Kosmos and 'Skiies were there waiting for them.

"What took you two so long? We've been waiting here for *ages.*" Laughed 'Skiies.

"Easy for you to say," Replied Shadow defensively. "You've got America! He's a feather compared to this big oaf."

They put the remaining four into the makeshift bunker and ran off while Poland, Kookie, and Raln worked on healing the rest of the Keyfinders.

Raln pulled out a medical kit and started working on Canada's bruises. While they were working, Canada woke up.

"E-Eh? What's going on? Who are you guys?" He saw the unconscious Ukraine and he paled. "*What did you do to Ukraine???*"

Poland put a hand on Canada's shoulder. "Hey, it's okay. They're here to help." Canada relaxed slightly.

Kookie had their eyes closed, palm on America's forehead. They were concentrating intensely, struggling to stop the bleeding. Poland moved from Canada's side to go towards Ame. Together, Poland and Kookie combined their powers to heal the wounded American. When they were done, Poland was exhausted.

"H-How are you able to do that w-without getting tired?" He panted.

Kookie smiled. "It does take energy, but the rules don't affect us Readers the same way they work for you."

Poland nodded and moved towards Ukraine. He was only able to heal a few of her bruises before he started breathing heavily. Raln disconnected his hand.

"Hey, don't overwork yourself. Let me handle this, I'm trained in several medical fields." Poland nodded again and leaned on one of the crates. He watched the two work.

"How long until they wake up?" Poland asked.

"Worried about your boyfriend?" Kookie teased. Poland turned a bright red.

"I don't know for sure. Maybe 30 minutes to several hours. It's very unlikely that one of them would wake up right now-"

Raln was cut off by Russia gasping and bolting upright.

They stared at him.

"I...Stand corrected..." Said Raln.

"Wherre's Amerika? Who arre you?" Said Russia frantically.

Kookie gave a lenny face and put the sleeping America into Russia's lap. Russia blushed.

"What arrre you doing?"

"We need more Rusame. You two are the only ones who haven't hooked up yet." Said Kookie.

"What's Rrrusame?" Asked Russia.

Raln and Kookie shared a look.

"Don't worry about it." They both said.

Kookie and Raln left the bunker, Raln ran into a group of aliens who had cornered NSW and Pheonix, and shot the extraterrestrials with their Glock P80. Kookie looked around for a certain stuttering menace, finally spotting him locked in deadly battle with theintrovertedcookie.

Several minutes earlier...

Mr. PEACE finally tore the infernal cookie...*thing* out of his mouth. He looked around. Ari was nowhere to be seen, his task force was getting demolished by these vengeance-seeking Readers, and BRUTE...was getting his face bashed in by what looked to be a gorilla.

Mr. PEACE didn't question it.

He turned around quickly, trying to make his way towards the door where he could save himself from humiliating defeat.

In his way, was a boi.

The boi had a cookie in his mouth, and an innocent expression on

his face. The eyes were filled with tears, and the poor child was whimpering.

Mr. PEACE had never seen something so adorable.

Forgetting his surroundings, the alien crouched on his knees so his face was level with the smol boi's. "Hey little guy, are you okay?" He asked with a gentle tone. Mr. PEACE had always had a soft spot for children. Maybe, a little too much.

In other words, Mr. PEACE was a pedophile.

The little boi's face suddenly turned into a deadly smirk. Mr. PEACE's eyes widened. He realized too late that he had been fooled.

The boi roundhouse kicked the pedo, sending the alien crashing into the side of the wall. Mr. PEACE groaned and blinked dust out of his eye. The boi threw cookie shruikens, but Mr. PEACE dodged. The boi scowled, and generated a tower of cookies that slammed into PEACE. Mr. PEACE flew into the ceiling, the boi made a chocolate chip spike, and tried to impale the alien, missing by mere centimeters.

Mr. PEACE managed to dodge it somehow, and rolled away. He panted and pushed himself up. "Who-Who are you?"

"I. AM. THEINTROVERTEDCOOKIE!!!" Yelled out the boi, as he sent out living gingerbread men to attack PEACE.

PEACE growled. He wasn't actually that bad of a fighter, but strength never was his...well...*strong* suit. PEACE backflipped and landed on a gingerbread man's back, twisting it's head until it snapped with a sickening sound. PEACE whipped out his space gun, quickly changing the settings to something more lethal, and shot at the other attacking cookies, while still riding the headless gingerbread man.

Mr. PEACE had dead-eye aim. Each of the cookies fell to the ground and crumbled into dust. Suddenly, Kookie slammed into Mr. PEACE's back, sending him flying off of the gingerbread man. Kookie made shards of blood, and sent them careening towards

PEACE. Somehow, PEACE dodged them all, but Kookie jumped on his back, and kicked his butt.

Literally.

Kookie sent him flying with another kick, and PEACE crashed into the wall, slumping over.

The battle was won.

Kookie walked over to Cookie, giving the boi a high five.

But Mr. PEACE wasn't down yet.

Mr. PEACE switched the setting on his gun again, to the most lethal mode it had. They hadn't planned on using this setting, as they had wanted the kids alive until they had their powers, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

Mr. PEACE shot, his aim true.

Cookie's eyes widened.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion.

Suddenly, someone pushed Cookie out of the way, taking the blast for the boi.

Cookie fell to the ground, before getting up and running to the crumpled figure.

Kookie ran to PEACE, crunching the gun under their boot, and restraining PEACE with a cage made of blood.

Cookie reached his savior, and knelt to the ground next to him.

It was Paper Mr. PEACE.

Tears filled Cookie's eyes, Cookie cradled Paper PEACE's head in his arms while trying to stop the papery bleeding. "Why...Why did you save me?"

Paper PEACE's eyes opened and he smiled weakly. "I-I am s-

supposed t-to help the K-Keyfinders. You and the other R-Readers were saving th-them. I c-can't let y-you die. It goes against what I was m-made for." Paper PEACE clutched Cookie's hand weakly. "But also because I believed that it w-was the r-right thing t-to do. I may n-not be real, b-but I have m-more humanity than th-that *m-monster*."

Cookie was crying, tears dripping down the boi's face. Paper PEACE suddenly looked afraid. "C-Cookie, I don't w-w-want t-to d-die! W-what if I'm not h-human enough t-to g-go to the afterlife? Am I r-real, or just a f-fake?" PEACE's eyes watered. Cookie wiped them off gently.

"You are one of the bravest people I have ever met, Paper PEACE. You sacrificed your life for me, a boi you didn't even know. I will never forget you for that. Here, h-have a cookie." Cookie sniffled and gave Paper PEACE a cookie, feeding it to him. Paper PEACE was touched by his kindness, and smiled contentedly, before closing his eyes to the world forever.

"...Paper PEACE?"

No reply.

"PAPER PEACE! NOOOOOO!!!" Cookie screamed in sadness, Paper PEACE's body went limp in his arms. The Reader's and shadow figures were watching sadly.

Cookie sobbed into Paper PEACE's lifeless body. Pheonix went over to him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

'Skiies went over, and did the same.

Soon all of the Readers, including the shadow figures and An0n were comforting the weeping boi.

An0n walked closer to Cookie and helped him up. He looked at her questioningly. She nodded, a grim look in her eye, and looked towards Mr. PEACE in his blood cage.

Cookie's eyes glinted.

The boi strode over to the cage, smashing it open. PEACE whimpered.

Cookie punched him, again and again and again, screaming and venting.

"PAPER PEACE WAS THREE TIMES THE MAN YOU'LL EVER BE YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF #!#&#!!!"

PEACE coughed out blood. Cookie put hand on the alien's head. "You deserve what's coming to you. Every. Second. Of it."

PEACE's eyes widened as he felt a strange sensation in his gut. His stomach felt like it was hardening up. He raised a hand.

Part of it crumbled up.

He was turning into a cookie.

Pain filled PEACE's body, he screamed in anguish, but his sounds were muffled around a throat of cookie. His eyes slowly turned into cookies, still rolling around in their huge sockets. His body thrashed as his immune system fought against the individual cells that were converting into pieces of saccharine sweetness. The muscles were twitching as they slowly changed, his body becoming stiff, parts of it becoming brittle and falling off. Mr. PEACE's brain slowly stopped functioning, it was the last to go, so Mr. PEACE was aware of every second of the excruciating pain.

Finally, the body went limp.

Mr. PEACE was now an alien cookie.

Cookie stepped back, satisfied for the moment. He turned around and walked over to Paper PEACE's body, lifting it gently. He slowly walked over near the center of the room, and started to dig.

The other Readers and shadow figures joined.

Once there was a hole deep enough, Cookie placed Paper PEACE's body in his grave, and covered it up.

Canada, South Korea, Japan, Poland, and Russia watched with everyone else. Canada grew some flowers around the grave.

"You were a good man, Paper PEACE. Your literal life goal was to help others. We need more people like you in our world." Everyone solemnly nodded. Cookie continued. "Paper PEACE, though you might have only been one of Japan's drawings," Japan sniffed at this, and buried her face into South Korea's chest. "I still salute you." Cookie popped a smart salute. Each and every one of the Readers, shadow figures, and Keyfinders saluted. "May you rest, in PEACE."

A/N: Guess how many words? 3 2 0 9. CAN WE GET AN 'F' IN THE CHAT FOR PAPER PEACE? I'm a failure. I said I would take a break. I didn't. I wrote this all yesterday. I just couldn't *not* update! I am very tired. I love fight scenes, but oh my gosh, I physically *cannot* write another one. I made @theintrovertedcookie a main character in the end because that boi was my first reader and commenter. Their positive feedback made me excited to keep on writing. Special thanks to ALL of you commenters, y'all make my day! I put 'their' and 'they' instead of 'his/her' and 'him/her' and 'he/she' because I didn't want to assume your gender. If you want, I can edit it, just comment. I put Cookie as a boi because that's what his profile said he was. If I assumed wrong, just let me know! Thank you all for rescuing me. Thanks for Reading, my Readers!!!

Wait a second...

...

...WHERE IS ARI?!?!?

<(ﾟДﾟ`;)>

Chapter Twenty One: Farewell, Friends!!!

A/N: Warning: you might cry. I sure did. Heck, I'm crying right now. Don't worry, nothing bad happens, so don't skip to the bottom of the page. Just...go ahead and read.

sobs quietly

3rd person's POV

Everyone walked back up to the surface, leaving the dead aliens behind. The unconscious members of the Keyfinders woke up shortly after. Everyone was celebrating the victory, and having a blast out in the courtyard area. One of the shadow figures had brought a radio and some large speakers, and were blasting beats. South Korea took over as main dj, turns out, he was really good at it.

The Readers were chatting with the Keyfinders, asking questions and the like. People were complimenting Cookie on his alien cookies, they were actually quite delicious. And as for drinks...

...Let's just say Russia handled that.

A conversation about the school started up.

"So, was this school made as a power harvester? That's kinda dark." Said Shadow.

An0n was nearby when she heard this, so she answered. "Actually, the aliens crashed here two weeks before school started. The real teachers are hidden somewhere in the building. I'm not sure wh-"

"FOUND 'EM!!!" Cried out Pheonix. The Readers and Keyfinders left the party for a bit to go investigate.

Pheonix had been messing around with the statue of Pangaea in the fountain, when they discovered that Pangaea was wearing a key-shaped pendant. Naturally, Pheonix poked it.

The bottom of the fountain had dropped away, swiveling on some ancient mechanism. The Readers and Keyfinders now perched around it's rim, curiously staring into the dark abyss.

Ukraine shot a beam of light.

There, at the bottom of the pit, was a small rocky island. Chained up on it were the cold, wet, and starving teachers. The real teachers looked up at them shivering, squinting their eyes to adjust to the blinding light. An alien casually walked around the corner and spied them. The alien hardly had time to react before Russia froze an ice-spear and penetrated the alien through its heart.

America and NSW took turns with shapeshifting and flying the poor bedraggled teachers out of the wet pit. When they were done, the teachers thanked them for their efforts gratefully.

As soon as the last teacher was brought out of the secret hole under the fountain, a rumbling was heard. The Readers, Keyfinders, and author sprinted towards the noise, just barely catching a glimpse of a UFO rising above the treeline, before speeding off into the distance. Several of the Readers cursed.

"What are we going to do, An0n?" Asked Cookie.

"Don't worry," She replied, squinting at the fading traces of the UFO containing Ari. "I have a feeling that's not the last we will see from him. Next time, he won't be so lucky to escape."

An0n turned and sighed. She faced the Readers. "Well, friends, thank you for coming to our rescue. Without you, this book would

have had a very different ending. Unfortunately, your time here is up. You must return to your side of the fourth wall. However, I also have a feeling that we might need you again, so take this." She handed each of them a key-shaped pendant. They all put it on.

"When you wish to travel through the fourth wall again, use this key to unlock it. You will come back to the active world you used it on, and will retain all of your powers and abilities that you had here. You can also appear as a character for a brief amount of time if I should need it. You can also use these to interact with all of the characters in the active world, not just Japan here."

The Keyfinders looked confused. Japan just smiled.

An0n gave out the last key necklaces to the shadow figures, then she opened up a portal. "Thanks for coming!!!" An0n waved, and the other Readers waved back to her before jumping through the portal to the other side. The portal closed.

An0n turned to the Keyfinders. "Well, that's it."

"PLEASE DON'T!!!"

An0n looked surprised at Japan, who was in tears. "What do you mean, Jap?"

Said neko scuffed her feet on the ground. "I-I'm scared. I don't want this book to end, and our adventures to be over."

An0n smiled. "The book has to end, but..."

"But what?" Asked Japan eagerly.

"I wasn't satisfied with the amounts of fluff quite yet. Fluff was fun to write, and I have a new idea for a book with you guys. You guys up for it?"

Japan nodded eagerly, but the other Keyfinders were completely lost.

An0n grinned. "I'll take that as a yes." She waved a hand, and the world spun rapidly, colors shifting and swirling, scenery changing

rapidly. The spinning suddenly stopped, and An0n looked around, satisfied at her creation.

It was time for a new story to begin...

Bonus:

A quaint little building on the corner of two streets.

It was brightly colored, and a small parking lot sat next to it.

It was a beautiful place to start her new story.

An0n frowned.

Something was wrong.

Why was she still here?

Where was her new OC? They were supposed to be in charge of the building!

An0n's eyes widened.

An0n had separated, part of her was in the story, as a character.

Which means...

An0n was now in charge of the Countryhumans Daycare.

This was going to be a nightmare.

A/N: 835 words. I'm so sad this book has ended! I feel like crying. (Note: My heart hurt when I wrote that last part below.)Thank you all for sticking through this with me as I explored writing a book for the very first time. I know the ending kinda sucked. Welp. Those pendants you received from me will work in my new book. I'm not sure it will have a plot. One will probably just start up like how it did in this one. IT'S GOING TO BE SO FREAKING FLUFFY. There will be a couple new Countryhumans characters. I just noticed there wasn't a

daycare AU and I thought, 'Aw, wouldn't that be adorable?' so, yeah. All of the Keyfinders will be in it, but they will not have their powers. QwQ.

Update: Sequal is out!!! Crazy Countrykids!!!

Everything went wrong again.

Ari's back.

And he wants revenge.

IMPORTANT: The winner of the cover-art contest has been chosen!! Congratulations to @AnAttractiveTrashCan for their design!!! Tysm dude!!!

This is An0n, signing off on School of Secrets for the very last time.

THANKS FOR READING!!!

('•ω•') ノシ